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THE
Amorous Bigotte :

WITH THE
SECOND PART
OF

Tegue O Divelyly.

A
COMEDY,

Acted by Their
Majesty's Servants.

Written by

T H O. S H A D W E L L,

Poet Laureat, and Historiographer Royal to Their
MAJESTIES.

L O N D O N :

Printed for James Knapton, at the Crown in
St. Paul's Church-yard, 1690.

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St Paul's Church-yard, 1690.

TO THE
RIGHT HONOURABLE
CHARLES
E. of Shrewsbury, &c.

My Lord,

I Have ever been ready to own all Obligations receiv'd from any Man; but being favour'd by so great and good a Man as your Lordship, I think it so much to my honour, that I cannot but be proud of it, which makes me take the first occasion to publish my Gratitude, and boast of your Patronage. Nor have I any other end in making bold with your Lordships Name before this Trifle. I would not be so unreasonable to desire your Lordship to defend the weakness of my Writings: I have been by long sickness made very unfit for that Task. A man ought not to hope to Please the world very much, who is not at ease, and somewhat pleas'd himself: Tho I have no reason to complain of the reception of this Play.

The Epistle Dedicatory.

For my own, but much more for my Countrys sake, I rejoyce that there is a *TALBOT* still left to sustain the Honour of that Illustrious Family; so able, so sincere, and so disinterested a Minister; so real a Lover and Honourer of his King, equally faithful in his Services to him, and true to the Interest of his Country. (Nor can any one be faithful to the first, who is not true to the latter); for in effect they are but one; and they can never be odious enough who endeavour to divide it.

We still have a *Talbot* who is a firm Friend to the *English*, and a just Enemy to the *French*; and I doubt not, my Lord, but you will live by your Counsels and Actions to become as terrible to them as any of your brave Ancestors have been. I dare not be too forward in your just Commendations, Praise being not the end that a man who is truly great ever aims at; nor does an ingenuous Man delight in it: To such the conscience of doing well is the only satisfaction. But one thing out of the abundance of my heart I cannot restrain my self from observing in your Lordship.

The most important business of this world, the Education of Youth (which ought to be put into the hands of the ablest, wisest, most learn'd and vertuous men, who have no other interest but the bettering of mens minds; and because of the great trouble of the Office, it ought to have great Rewards and Dignities affix'd to it by the publick) is for want of those encouragements put upon such mean, weak, or corrupt persons, that it is the greatest task of a mans life to break loose from his Education, and shake off the prejudices he contracted by it; which none but a great *Genius* ever does. The rest, tho of the highest rank, swallow eve-

The Epistle Dedicatory.

ry thing unchew'd, and take every thing unexamind from their first Dry-Nurses in Petticoats to their last in Square-Caps: Women begin with them, and young Priests end with 'em, who are sure to bring 'em up to the interest of the Clergy, tho it be never so much against that of the Laity.

Your Lordship, by strength of Understanding, and industrious Enquiry, early perform'd this great Task, and freed your self from those Principles instill'd into you in your Youth; which would have made you incapable of being a good Subject and a great Patriot in your riper age; and have since became so eminent in both characters, that every man that heartily loves the constitution of our *English* Government, has a profound Respect and Veneration for your Lordship.

Nor will your share of Honour deserve to be less in History than that of the bravest of your Ancestors, since none could ever more freely adventure Life, Estate and Honour for their Countreys Freedom than your Lordship did. And it appears to me to be much a greater Glory to be highly instrumental in the Redemption of ones own, than in the Conquest of another. And I beseech your Lordship pardon this interruption of your business or diversion, from him who is, without any mixture of fawning, most sincerely,

My Lord,

Your Lordships most obedient

May 5. 1690.

Humble Servant.

T. S.

Drammatis Personæ.

Bernardo, a Spaniard, Collonel of a Regiment in *Flanders*, a vapouring blustering Souldier. } Mr. Underhill.

Lusindo, his Son, a well-bred Gentleman, and a man of Honour. } Mr. Williams.

Doristeo, a young Gentleman of Gallantry and Courage. } Mr. Bowman.

Finardo, his Friend. Mr. Alexander.

Tegue O Divelly, an Irish Fryer. Mr. Leigh.

Hernando, a Gentleman that waits upon *Bernardo*. } Mr. Boen.

Diego, *Bernardo's* Servant; his Barber. Young Lee.

Sancho, *Doristeo's* Servant.

Belliza, the Amorous Bigottee. Mrs. Corey.

Elvira, her Daughter. Mrs. Jordan.

Rosania, her Neice. Mrs. Bracegirdle.

Grycia, the old Governante. Mrs. Orsborne.

Levia, a fine Courtezan. Mrs. Butler.

Gremia, her Aunt. Mr. Noakes.

Bravo's and Servants.

Scene, *Madrid*.

PROLOGUE.

Spoken by Mrs. Butler.

*Some of our Authors special Friends will say,
That the whole Audience is trepann'd to day,
And for a new, shall find a damn'd old Play.
He on a Spanish Plot once writ before,
And some the Priest with great impatience bore;
But tho the Party took it much amiss,
They had not the good breeding then to hiss.
Our own Sir Roger on the Stage appears,
And why should not a foolish Priest of theirs?
On that foundation then he built, 'tis true,
But like Drake's Ship, 'tis so repair'd 'tis new;
Newer than his Contemporaries show,
Who all to Novels or Romances owe,
And from whose Native Springs nought e're did flow.
Nor should you his of Barrenness accuse,
Who grac'd the Thefts of any other Muse;
Nor tye him up alone to new invention;
And if to want of Wit 'tis no pretension
To lose, he's sure 'tis none to gain the Pension.
But bold, my business now is to declare
Against Bear-garden Hissers open War;
He d'at is after Hissing in dish plaash,
I'll Shing Lilli-burlero in his saash.
Not the brave Wolfely can do more in quelling,
Those nimble Teagues with Men of Inniskilling,
Than I subduing these; for at the Head,
Of our brave Party, I will look them Dead.*

But to prevent much Brutal Hiss and Stamp,
Send out the fiercest Champion of your Camp:
Let me the proudest of the Hissers see,
I'll make him know he is no Match for me;
Soon shall the Lists your doubty Warriour quit,
Taught by my single Courage to submit.
You might have better Words, were it not plain
The gentlest usage of you is but vain;
E'en take your course, our Poet bid me say,
If all of you be such dull Fools to pay
For being displeas'd, come and Hiss every day.
If good the Play, your Hisses will be vain;
If bad, no Claps its weakness can sustain.
If this be lost, he's not of all bereft,
He hopes he still shall have some credit left
He's sure by this his Friends he shall not lose,
And keeping them he cares not for his Foes.

*Plays Printed for James Knapton, at the Crown
in St. Paul's Church-yard.*

*Squire of Alsatia.
Bury-Fair.*

The True Widow : Comedies. Written by Tho. Shadwell.

The Fortune-Hunters : Written by Mr. Carlisle.

Mr. Anthony : Written by the Earl of Orrery.

Widow Ranter : Written by Mrs. A. Behn.

English Friar, or the Town-Sparks : Written by Mr. Crown.

The Devil of a Wife : Written by Mr. Jevon.

The Forc'd Marriage : Written by Mrs. A. Behn. All Comedies.

Pope Joan : A Tragedy.

A C T.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter *Elvira*, *Rosania*.

Elvi. **W**Here's my Mother, *Rosania*?

Ros. In her Closet Cousin, where should she be?

Elvi. Close at her Beads I warrant you.

Ros. She has been very devout since *Horatio* went off from his Honourable proposals of Matrimony.

Elvi. Thou art a mischievous Girl, art not thou ashamed to railly thy good Aunt so?

Ros. Well, she has been most grievously devout ever since his apostacy, to the vexation of us all: But shou'd he turn about again, she wou'd soon lay down her Beads, and quaver to her Guitarr, like an old Spinster to a Wheel.

Elvi. Yes, and discard the *Irish* Fryar, Father *Tegue* and his Lay Brother, for a brace of unclean Tyre-women: 'Tis somewhat hard to set ones heart upon the other World, till we grow unfit for the uses of this.

Ros. Very true, for my part, I believe there are none weary of the World, till the World are weary of them; the World begins with them first.

Elvi. Thou art in the right; methinks it is a very pretty World; they may talk what they will of Vanity, the most pious Christians in *Madrid* are loth to leave it.

Ros. I am resolv'd for my part, to have a good opinion of the World, till the World has an ill opinion of me: and there's an end on't.

Enter *Grycia*.

Gry. Mrs. *Rosania*, my Lady calls for you.

Ros. I go.

Elvi. Pray say I am retired, here's my office.

Gry. Madam, the Ghostly Fathers are with my Lady.

Elvi. Now is their time indeed; have they no Collation?

Gry. Lord Madam, that you shou'd ask that, when were they here without one?

Elvi. Good men, they are content to suffer here on Earth, and with much eating and drinking, they painfully consult about affairs of Heaven.

Ros. Will you not go to 'em, and take part of what they eat and talk?

Elvi. No; much good may't do my Mother with her *Irish* Hypocrite, the

Reverend Father *Tegue* O *Divelly*; I have at present no Stomach to Sweetmeats or Confessors. Office lye thou there, and now to my *Novella's*. *Exeunt*

Rof. and Gryc.

So, to my wish, I am alone, and now can freely think of him who has so often Charm'd me. Hah, what Madnes is this to fall in Love with one I know not! Nor does he know me, or my Love! Oh, if his Mind be like his Body, (and certainly it must be so) 'twill justify my passion to the World. But let me see *Cervantes*, what sayst thou? Ha, who's there? whither now?

Elvira shuffles Cervantes under the Cushion, and takes up the Office.

Enter Grycia.

Gry. The good men are gossiping with my Lady, and zealously expecting a recruit of Sweetmeats.

Elv. Good men, they thrive well, and grow fat upon Mortification. Put now to my Legend of Lovers. *She walks and Reads.*

Ha Madam, that was a subtil way of discovering your passion, but it will not serve in my case. But I must find some means to let him see my face, and if he like it, so, if not, mercy on me, I dare not think on what must follow. Let me see, *She pulls out her Pocket Glass.*

Ha! what noise is that?

She puts up her Glass hastily.

These Liquorish Priests dispatch their Sweetmeats with as much haste as a hunted Bear would a Honey-pot. *Enter Rosania.*

Rosa. The Fathers (at present up to the knuckles in Jelly of Quinces, with three or four Bottles of the richest Wines) desire your sweet company.

Elv. I tell 'em I am retir'd, and can't come.

Rosa. Ha, ha, *Novella's* and a Pocket glass instead of Beads and Office.

Elv. Get you gone Huiwife, you grow as mischievous as a Monkey.

Rosa. Well, well, I'll leave you to your pious Meditations, Farewel. *[Exit.*

Elv. Let me see, will this Face do any Execution, *[Elv. takes up the Pocket Glass.]* If it will, look to thy Heart, my unknown Gallant. The Poets call these hairs our Snares and Nets; if they be I'll set them, let who will be entangled with them—— Now for my Patches, these are to Powder our Ermin Skins with;—— ha, my dear unknown Love, have at thee.

Enter Belliza, Father Tegue and Lay Brother.

Bell. Bless me Father! what use she makes of her Retirements! these are her Devotions.

Elv. Have they caught me, I'm undone. *She shuffles away her Glass and Novella's.*

Bell. Come Mistress I'll see what you have here, *Belliza finds the Book.*

Benedicite! what's here? a wicked and profane Love Book; good Father, I beseech your Reverence, make her Heart ake with penance for this.

Teg. In troth it is great pitty of dee, and a great faable, by my shoul I would have all handsome Ladies dewout indeed and I do love to put my Eys upon dem, and maake a great faath upon dem, when I do instruct dem, indeed gra.

Elv. No doubt on't.

Teg. I do love to cast de look upon de pretty Laady indeed, vid pious meditation, and confideraation dat Heaven did maake dem she handsome gra.

Bell. Good holy Man, we are bound to admire the works of Heaven.

Teg.

Teg. Vel shay d Daughter, dou dosht spake like an aable shaint, indeed gra ; but I must complain upon you for dis waanity, if dou musht have some waanity, joy pridee now taake shome fitt days for dat occaasion of waanity. [*To Elv.*

Bell. This is a sweet preparation in proceSSION week, to be pruning your self, like an unclean Bird.

Teg. Phaasht will I spaake unto you for dese spotts and blemishes upon dy shweet faash gra, arrah I vil maake you do de greaat pennance for dish.

Bell. What's the reason Father I may not wear patches ?

Teg. Aboo, boo, boo, what am I dat dou dosht maake expostulaation, and demand a Reason of mee ?

Elv. One that has it not about him.

Teg. Reason of mee, dou dosht maake indignaation and affront upon me, by my shoulwation. Am I not a Priestht, and vil I give a Reason.

Bell. 'Twas wickedly done to affront the good Man so.

Teg. Have I Converted sho many Hereticks dogs and was sho deep in our braave Plott, and had like to have bin after being slain upon a Gibbet, and been a great Martyr for de Plott, and dosht dou require a Reason of mee ?

Elv. Why wou'd you escape ? You wou'd ha' done great service to the Church, by being hang'd for it, no doubt Sir a man of your Reverence.

Teg. I vill agree vid dee upon daat, but I do not caare for being hang'd, it dosht maake a Priest look sho like a Beasht and a Dogue indeed, and besides I would not be hang'd but vid a with, as our Forefathers in *Ireland* us'd to be Hang'd.

Bell. Thou'rt a right Sanctified Man ; and Heav'n be prais'd for thy deliverance.

Teg. Ah good shoule dou vilt be a greaat Shaint indeed joy. I vil tell unto dee I did escaape because I did deshire to be a Caardinal, and by my Shoulwaa-tion I tink I vill be a Caardinal before I vill have Death, dere has not bin one *Eerish* Caardinal a great while, I did Plot as well, and cou'd hang as well as de best of dem, but if I bee a Caardinal I know what I vill do.

Elv. Well I am corrected, I will never ask a reason of you more, I wou'd as soon beg of a *Spanish* Souldier.

Teg. Do not, for de Church is infaillible, and de Pope is infaillible, and de Caardinals are infaillible, and I vill spake more unto you, de Priesthts are infaillible too. And I shay blest dy shweet Faash from patches, dou hasht a pretty Faash pull of dese Spots,

He pulls them off and Chucks her under the Chin.
I wou'd not veare patches upon my faash for de World indeed joy, no fait would I not. By my shoul she's a brave Lady — *aside.*

Elv. The wisest may sometimes be looters by their scruples.

Teg. I do not caare for all dat I vil be content vid mine own Faash, vid but patches fait and be Aboo ! dcu haasht shome upon dy breasht joy I vill put dem off.

He presses her breast, she resists.

Elv. What do you do, hold off.

Bell. Oh wicked Child ! do you resist the good Man ?

Teg. By my shoul I vill take dem off, Mash it is gallant Flesh and Blood, Aboo, I cannot bear it, farewel I will meet dee upon de Prado !

Bell. Go to, you have angered the good Man, *Grycia !*

*Enter Grycia.**Gryc.* Madam.*Bell.* Get our Vails, we will make visits to the Saints at several Churches.
[*Exeunt Omnes.*]*Enter Luscinde, Hernando.**Luscin.* Put on thy Hat *Hernando*, thou hast been too long my Fathers good Servant, not to be my Companion, and art to have the next Commission that falls in my *Flanders* Regiment.*Hern.* I shall ever be your Servant: but Sir.*Luscin.* Thou mutterst and art angry with me, prithee speak thy mind with freedom.*Hern.* I am angry with you because I love you.*Luscin.* Thou hast wit and courage, and I know thou lov'st me.*Hern.* Pox on this insolent Curtezian for me.*Luscin.* Wilt thou not allow me one folly.*Hern.* Not when that folly allows you nothing of your self. Doat upon a Wench, jealous, vex'd, and disquieted for a Wench!*Luscin.* Speak with more Reverence of a Wench, why from *Mexico* to *Japan*, is there such a joy, such a comfort as a Wench: What do Kings War for but for power, and power for what? To have what Concubines they please, there's the end. What do we Officers fight for, but for Money and a little Honour, to get a Wench? what have Priests, Bishops and Cardinals profits and Dignities, but to procure Wenches? Is there a man in *Spain*, Lay or Spiritual without a Wench, who has Wit or Money enough to get one? And then to speak thus irreverently of one!*Hern.* Pardon me Sir,— I would have a Wench to please me, but not to trouble me.*Luscin.* Of all our Art and Industry, our toyl and hazard, Woman's the sweet end; who would give a doyt to govern Men, but by that means to have power over Women?*Hern.* A Gentleman may have a little innocent lust, or so, but to fall in love, and with a Mercenary thing.*Luscin.* Thou art no Philosopher *Hernando*, prithee what is Love? why nothing but great Lust.*Hern.* Oh fy: Sir; Your true Lover sighs and pines, and seeks out shady Groves, and murmuring Brooks, and tells his mournful tale, with Arms a cross to *Eccho*, and never thinks his Mistress is a Woman, but a Goddess.*Luscin.* No where but in Romances, why there's no diversion or conversation in *Madrid*, but with a Curtezian. The men are too grave (not to be uncivil and saydull) and the honest Women are lockt up; besides none in *Spain* are so well bred as your Curtezians, *Hernando*, no more.*Hern.* Why will you put your self in pain because you think another Courts this *Levia*, and she is wavering, there are others as handsome in *Madrid*, see her no more.*Luscin.* Pain is but a relishing bit, to make us taste our pleasure better; she has made me jealous, which puts up my resstive Love, that would have Jaded otherwise.

otherwise whilst she lov'd only me, I cou'd have lov'd another, but now she loves another, I can love none but her.

Hern. A very pretty riddle, make her believe you love another and she perhaps may then love none but you.

Luscio. I have it in my Head, come along with me to her, thou shalt see me use her scurvily, and try what that will do.

Hern. You know how angry your Father will be.

Luscio. Let what will come on't, I will go through.

Hern. I have stood by you when Bullets have whistled about our Ears, and will not leave you now.

Luscio. Come on.

[*Ex. Luscio and Hernandez*]

Enter Gremia and Levina.

Gre. Are you stark mad Neice, by your extravagance to lose the finest, properest, kindest and most liberal Lover in *Madrid*.

Lev. Come Aunt, you understand not my business:

Gre. Go to Mistress; I not understand a Womans business with a Man, that's fine.

Lev. Nay I must confess you have been us'd to bring the Young together, and make meer strangers Friends.

Gre. Oh cry you mercy, have I so, I'll breed no bate nor division between young People, if they agree not in their Youth, they'll hardly be brought together in their Age.

Lev. You can procure the beginning of Love; but know not how to make that Love continue.

Gre. Marry come up, you shall keep School and teach new tricks to Widows above Fifty, did not I take you a poor sorry Girl, out of your Mothers hands, rest her Soul, she little thought what preferment you wou'd come to? did not I bestow all Accomplishments of good breeding to fit you for a shining Mistress in *Madrid*?

Lev. Well Aunt.

Gre. And has not Heav'n blest my endeavours, and made you a very Paragon. And you with your extravagance to cast away the fruit of all my care and Prayers for you.

Lev. Why so froward Aunt, what all Age, and no Gravity?

Gre. You will make me Gray with sorrow.

Lev. *Luscio* began to cool upon my fondness, and seek out new Adventures; and I'm resolv'd to plague him for't.

Gre. You say you Love him?

Lev. Yes, with such madness as admits no rest.

Gre. And will you anger him?

Lev. Yes, therefore, if we don't season our love with anger sometimes, 'twill be too luscious, and men will surfeit of it.

Gre. Well I have another Neice who shall obey me, but pray make ready to Mass, you will consider the day I hope; I shall never live to neglect good days, how can we look for a blessing upon our endeavours else. Here he comes, why Neice.

Enter

Enter Luscinde and Hernando at one door, Dorisfeo and Finardo at the other.

Levia. Let me alone, by Heaven I will have my own way, *Fa, la, la, la,* are you there, were you sent for?

Luscin. No, had I been so, 'tis ten to one I had not come.

Levi. You're very haughty on the sudden, Sir.

Finar. Where is the pretty Miss that I must treat for?

Gre. Bless me do you know what day 'tis, and what week, you make me tremble, will you make no difference of days, *Benedicite*?

Dorist. A very pious Bawd.

Gre. Upon a Holy-day in a Holy week, have you no conscience, have you no grace left?

Finar. Be not transported, good Madam.

Gre. Ne're tell me, I must serve Heaven sometimes as well as Minister to the necessities of young Gentlemen.

Dorist. Be not so hot, but hear me but one word.

Gre. O! I must confess Gallants will have occasion sometimes, but then they must be sure to choose fit days.

Dor. Madam, I must be posselt of *Levia*, I cannot live without her, she is yonder, she seems fall'n out with her Gallant, and has of late given me some hopes.

Lev. My love like the wind shall never stay long in a Corner.

Luscin. I am pleas'd to it never blows on me again.

Lev. What does he mean? I'll try him to the quick.

aside.

Luscin. Did you give her my Letter, *Hernando*?

Hern. Yes, and she kiss'd it as eagerly as if she would have swallow'd it.

Luscin. What was she doing?

Hern. Singing to her Guittar, with such a ravishing Melody I know not which express more skill, her Voice or Fingers, but they both excell'd all I have ever heard, her Face, her Mine, her Shape beyond all paralell.

Lev. Thou ly'st, base parasite and pimp, she is some Dowdy Quean.

Luscin. Good, she resents it to the full, and cannot bear it.

Lev. What have I done? I shall blow up my whole design by showing Anger; Ha, ha, ha, this is a pretty tale indeed, Ha, ha, ha.

Luscin. For old acquaintance sake, I cou'd not conceal my good Fortune from you, and now you know the reason of my coming I shall take my leave.

Lev. And as a sign that I have been provident, behold? kind *Dorisfeo* excuse me: the parting with a tedious old friend whom I shall ne're see more, has made me not so civil to my new one as I ought.

Dor. My dear, my sweet, I am transported.

Finar. Pox on't, where's my Mistress; I'd fain be transported too.

Lev. *(aside)* Ha, ha, ha, this touches him I see. *(to Dor.)* Let your Coach attend here after Mass, we'll see the Pictures which came from *Rome*: And in the Evening we'll drive in the Parado.

Luscin. Death shall I bear this?

Hern. S' Heart Sir are you mad? will you spoil your own design by being angry, laugh Sir, laugh, ha, ha, ha.

Levia.

Leo. Aside Walk this way a little.

Ah Luscin. I have thee fast upon the Hook, and I will play with thee. *[aside. To Doristeo.*

Hern. Madam, there is a Lady will revenge our quarrel.

Leo. He not do thee the honour to laugh at thee.

Gre. Come, where are you young Gentlewomen? to Church, come on.

Minia. Here Madam. *[Exeunt Doristeo, Finardo, Gremia, Levia and Minia.*

Hern. This haughty Curtezian by her Pride, is a Mistress fit for none but Lucifer himself?

Luscin. I am provok'd to the disordering of my Temper: But I shall not want occasion of that, Don wants not Courage.

Hern. Life Sir fear nothing, you may be sure of her Love, by her anger; she swell'd at what I told her like a Dutch Trumpeter, she had fire in her face, and flames in her Eyes.

Luscin. Let's see which way they go.

Hern. Sir if you dog her, you're undone; in Love as in War, they that strike first, have the worst on't: You must dodge like an Old General.

Luscin. Well she shall not be too hard for me, I will have my will on her.

[Exeunt Luscin and Hernando]

Enter Belliza, Elvira, Rosania.

Bell. Why Daughter, Oh wicked Girl, what wandering eyes you fling about you, whom would you entangle? Why Rosania! you wanton Minx, you are staring up at every Window, like an Indian who had never seen a City. A modest Maid shou'd have no other object but the ground.

Elv. The Earth is a prospect for Beasts, and Heaven for us Madam.

Rosa. Would you have me always look upon my Nose, and learn to squint?

Elv. If you always look'd upon the ground, how did you get a Husband?

Bell. By the reputation of my modesty, I was indeed forc'd. My inclination was to a Nunnery, why Rosania?

Rosa. I was only looking at a Balcony to see a young Gentleman play with a Ladies Fan.

Bell. How now, have you your distinctions already, and observe who is Young and Old.

Enter Father Tegue and Lay Brother.

Bell. Oh Father, we walk'd softly, waiting for you here.

Teg. I vill tell de Laady what I have seen indeed, all dee Shaints are in dere besht Apparrel, and are very braave Joy, arrah my Lady, it would do good to your Heart in your Body, to shee dem dat I have sheen.

Elv. This is a very silly Fellow, Rosania.

Teg. A Shick Taylor, has shent a very braave Pettycoat to Shaint Clare, and by my Shoul she does look very gallantly.

Bell. Well that good Taylor may be an Example to us all, who ever he be, He warrant him a good Soul, and a devout Workman.

Teg. Oh yes, Taylors are very honest, phen dey be very sick introt.

Bell. What else Father have you observ'd?

Teg. Why Shaint Teresa, has new habits from Cap a pie shent from Paris, I tell you she is now ash fine and braave, as e're a Shaint in Madrid, no dish-praise

praise to any ; she may show her Faace before dem all ; phat vill I thay more ?

Bell. I'me glad on't, for to say truth, 'twas a shame to keep her so poor and Thredbare upon Holy days, and I may say in private, without shifts of under Linnen.

Elv. Now she's Dead, and can neither work nor beg for her self.

Teg. Dou shayst vel Daughter, it vas a great pittty and a shaame and a great Faable too.

Enter Doristeo and Finardo.

Rosa. Cousin, Cousin, methinks yonder is the finest Gentleman I ever saw.

Dor. I have order'd my Coach to be here about, and I must wait for my humorous Mistress, she may be as slippery as an Eele for ought I know.

Rosa. Did you ever see so delicate a Man?

Elv. Oh yes, many a one.

Rosa. I am sure you never did, it is impossible.

Elv. Ah ha Cousin art thou thereabouts?

Finar. Who can that young Lady be, that fix'd her Eye upon you, as if she would dart you through.

Dor. I cannot imagine, she has the brightest Eye I ever saw, and a Mine beyond any of the Sex. I am resolv'd I'll have her dogg'd, but let us not seem to mark them.

[*Ex. Doristeo, and Finardo.*

Rosa. He minds us not.

Elv. Sure I shall be so happy to have one sight of my Love, at some of the Churches.

All this while Bell. is kissing the Friars Beads and paying great Reverence to them.

Enter Luscinde and Hernando.

Luscin. Pox on this Curtezian, she vexes me at heart.

Elv. Ha, this is he, there's no other like him.

Rosa. Can you not guess Cousin, what fine Gentleman that was ev'n now ?

[*Elvira minds her not.*

Luscin. What shape, what motion's there ? If her face be answerable, she threatens Death to all who look on her, she seems to observe us !

Elv. I am resolv'd to try if my face can conquer him, who with such force has vanquish't me.

Luscin. If I cou'd get but one glimpse of her face.

Elv. I'll drop my Handkerchief, sure he will take it up and give it me.

[*Drops her Handkerchief, Luscinde takes it up.*

Luscin. Madam, vouchsafe a moment but one look.

Elv. What is your meaning Sir ?

Luscin. Be pleas'd to accept this little service, this Handkerchief dropt from you Ma'am.

Elv. From me Sir, you are mistaken, sure, I'll search ; the truth is Sir, mine is missing, but I think mine had not so fair a Lace.

Luscin. It can be none but yours Madam.

Elv. I'll put it up in hope it may be mine ; but if you hear of one who has more right to't ; I live in *Garden-street* at the Blue and Gold Balcony, near the House of *Don Bernardo*.

Luscin.

Luscin. He is my Father, most Divine Creature.

Elv. His Father ?

She steps from him.

Bell. Why *Elvira*, where are you ? There are Gallants here, bless us, Temptation is approaching, Fly.

Rosa. Ah Cousin, I find something, that I had not this way to give a sample of my self ! *aside.*

Luscin. By Heaven she is the brightest thing I ever saw. *[Exit Bell.*

Priest, Lay Brother, Elvira and Rosania.

Hern. If ever any Angel wore a Petticoat, this may be one.

Luscin. The World has not a Beauty like her, I am all on Fire.

Hern. And Sir I can tell you some news which may make well for you ; your Father is resolv'd not to return to *Flanders*, but to Marry the devout Widdow *Belliza*, who undoubtedly is this Ladies Mother, what think you now of *Levia* ?

Luscin. Name not that paltry thing, this beauty came from Heaven.

Hern. And truly the other Beauty is going to Hell.

Luscin. As suddenly as Lightning she struck, and as soon vanish'd, she has kindled in me in a wild and desperate flame ; and I am resolv'd I will possess her or perish in the attempt. *[Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I

Enter Belliza, Elvira, Rosania.

Bell. Cast not your wandering Eyes on either hand, Ile lead, pray follow one another singly ; and look strait forward thus.

Enter Dorisfeo and Finardo, and Servant.

Elv. Like Mules in a Draught.

Rosa. Look forward thus, quoth she, wou'd my Aunt have one of us look like her.

Elv. Indeed 'tis a little unreasonable.

Bell. D' yee hear young ones.

Dor. What wou'd I give to have one glimps of this unknown Mistris, or to find who she is.

Finar. I thought your known Mistris might have been enough for you for some time.

Dor. There's no comparison betwixt an adventure and a purchase, especially where the Mistris seems the Aggressor.

Finar. Yes, for an Adventure you may have your Throat cut, for your purchase you are safe.

Bell. Come follow me as I direct you.

Rosa. I am ruin'd, the sight of this young Cavalier has put me into wildness and confusion.

C

Bell.

Bell. Why you Minx, I see you there ; whither do you throw your wicked Glances ?

Dor. She is her Daughter by the authority she exercises over her.

Rosa. What e're come on't he shall see my Face. [*She stumbles and falls down on her hands and knees, Dor. steps in and helps her up, she shows her Face as if by accident.*

Dor. Tho' I'm sorry for your misfortune, yet I'm glad I was so happy to have the honour to serve you, Madam.

Rosa. Your Civility deserves my thanks Sir, which I heartily return and wish it in my power to requite.

Bell. Oh Heaven, Complements, and showing her Face to a Man the Saints defend us, you are defiled, get you gone Hufwife before me ; I shall set a Watch upon you ; avoid Sir, come not near.

Dor. Blame not common Civility Madam, if I had given her a fall you might be angry, but not for helping of her up when she was down.

Bell. Fly, fly. [*Exit Rosa. Elv. and Bell*

Dor. She is the most surprizing Beauty I ever saw, she has struck me to the heart ; *Sancho* follow at some distance till you find where she goes in.

Sancho. I need not do it I know her Mother, it is *Beliza* the Biggotte Widow that lives at the Blue and Gold Balcony, in *Garden street*.

Dor. She shall soon hear from me, and as I guess it will not be unacceptable, this *Levia* will tarnish and grow dull upon my hands ; I ne're knew Love before this day, these killing Beams have pierced me thro' and thro'.

Finar. For my part I'm for good safe Wenching, without Knight errantry.

Dor. Thou hast a gross unelevated fancy, 'tis difficulty makes the pleasure high and racy.

Finar. Well I can eat my Venison without venturing my Neck to Hunt it down, 'tis want of appetite that requires such circumstances.

Dor. If I could enjoy the whole Sex as easily as one Wife, there would be no pleasure in 'em all ; the whole Sex wou'd be but one Wife.

Finar. Then farewell *Levia*.

Enter Gremia.

Dor. No, I may have a long Journey to this Paragon, and must be forced to bait by the way. Besides in this Race I have Rival strains against me, and I'm resolv'd to whip and spur against him.

Gre. Are you so, this is fine what will become of my reputation, what scandal will be brought upon me and my yet unblemisht Houfe ; for two of you to fall out like *Ruffians*, and perhaps Murther one the other, for a Damsel of my bringing up ; but Ile prevent you if I can, Oh wicked men upon such a day too !

Dor. Ile hear no more teasing, yonders my Coach attends on *Levia*, lets away. [*Exit Dor. and Finar.*

Gre. Oh she's a wicked Girl, and breaks my heart with obstinacy.

Enter Tegue o' Devilly and Lay Brother.

But let me see here's, the good *Irish* Father, I will endeavour to interest him in my affair ; good Father stay and let your reverence attend my story which concerns your Function,

Teg. Out and awayd my presence I vill loose my Reputaation, if I vill be after spaaking vid dee in de Street indeed.

Gre. I desie any one to say black's my Eye, I beseech your reverence come into my House.

Teg. Dy Houshe is of ill report, and day shay dat young People of different Sexes meet dare for Carnal Recreataation indeed by dy appointment, and Assignation Joy.

Gre. Alas Father, every Gentleman and Cavalier cannot Marry; it is fit they should be supply'd, and I have now and then bred up one with Civil Education for that purpose.

Teg. Dou shayst vell.

Gre. But I desie all my Neighbours to say that ere we miss our Church, or that ever I suffer any Man to come within my doors upon a Vigil or Fast; and ne're a Woman in *Madrid* observes *Lent* and Fish days more strictly.

Teg. Dou dosht spaake like unto a good pious voman indeed, if dou dosht observe dy *Lents*, dy Wigills and Embers, dou dosht vell.

Gre. I woud not break one of 'em for the World.

Teg. I believe dou art a very good Laady, and dosht love de Church, vel joy, as dou shayst every one cannot Marry; and Fornicaation is Venial but vee vil pass by some Peccadillo's as Shwearing, Wenching, and Lying and de like; in dose who love de Church indeed. Are dese young Gentewomen handsome dat dou dosht breed up for de Occaasions of de young Cavalliers Joy.

Gre. The very Parragons of all the City, and they Dance with Castanietto's most Charmingly and Sing to the Guittar most Melodiously.

Teg. By my Shoul, a shivil and a good Pious Voman, and I vil go vid a good Priesht my Friend a gallant Man indeed, and vee vil Fornicate and Absolve, Absolve and Fornicate by turns every day at her House, vel I vill come and spaake vid dy Damshels and instruft dem joy, phaast vil I shay more.

Gre. Bless your Reverence, I beseech you go with me now and hear my story there is like to be Blood shed, which I would intreat you to prevent; it is about a wicked Neice of mine.

Teg. Vel since dou dosht observe dy Wigills and dy Fasts, and dosht love de Church I vil go vid dee Joy.

Gre. Thanks Holy Father, follow me.

Teg. Now I vil be after having a very good Strumpett, and I vil maake hafhte to *Donna Belliza* too.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*]

Enter *Elvira*, *Rosania*.

Elv. with a Pocket Glass. Well you have found me out, I'm in Love all over Love; but dost thou think thou art conceal'd.

Rosa. Perhaps I might be in Love, if I thou'd see that gallant Cavalier often; but now I know not who he is, or whether ever I shall see him more: He is the most Charming Man that ere was seen.

Elv. Pish he a Charming Man Oh my *Luscindo*.

Rosa. Pish too good Cousin, there's no comparison betwixt 'em.

Elv. No, He be sworn is there not, do not provoke me to forget my Friendship and Relation.

Rosa. Pray Cousin do not anger me, who am as much concern'd for one, as you can be for the other.

Enter Belliza, and snatches the Glass from her.

Bell. Bless me, ungracious Girl, are you always at your Pocket Glass, you are resolv'd to be no stranger to your countenance, if this be a true intelligencer.

Elvir. Wee shou'd know our selves, Madam.

Bell. How Mrs. Pert, what by a Looking-glass, this comes of your *Novella's*, they put fine thoughts into your head, how to please a Man, and all dressing, patching, and curling is at a Man; the Saints defend us.

Elvir. Did Saints never use Looking-glasses.

Rosa. If they did not, they were scurvily dress'd I warrant 'em.

Bell. You Mrs. Male-pert, I hear you have not been at Confession this fortnight: I will make you confess, Hufwife, to Father *Tegue* who will be here soon: withdraw, and prepare your self for it.

Rosa. Why shou'd Old fellows know the Secrrts of the Young? But it must be so, I cannot help it. [Ex. Rosa.]

Bell. Now Vanity, this is to inform you, what force and strength your Beauty hath to conquer men with, and if you pursue that Train of thoughts: Heaven bless us! whether do they carry us?

Elvir. Sure 'tis lawful to adorn our Faces, and we had better have our own Opinions, than our Maid's in the matter.

Bell. Yes, what d' yee think when you adorn, as you call it? But to please some Man with that, and its appurtenances. A modest Maid shou'd hide her Beauty from the World.

Elvir. To what purpose, is it given her then?

Bell. I'll take care, your Jewel shall be a Prisoner in my Closet

Enter Grycia.

Gry. Madam, *Don Bernardo*, the great Officer lately come from *Flanders*, bid me say he has business with you, and desires admittance.

Bell. With me! it cannot be; alas, I have given over all Business.

Gry. 'Tis true Madam, I assure your Ladyship.

Elvir. I can tell you more, my Maid had it in a whisper from one of his Servants, that he is become your Lover.

Bell. My Lover, Ha, ha, ha, No, no, didst thou say so *Elvira*.

Elvir. I protest Madam, 'tis true.

Bell. Good lack, how troublesome Men are.

Elvir. There's no such inconvenience in the Match, He's rich, and a Man of Honour.

Bell. Nay I should be loth to do any Man wrong by too hasty an Exception, what manner of Man is he, I never saw him?

Gry. A goodly proper comely Gentleman.

Bell. To think of me, good lack a day, a Widow of my long abstinence.

Elv. Why so Mother, you are in the prime of your Age.

Bell. That's true, but on the sudden, when I am so ill dress'd; where have you left him?

Gry. In the drawing Room, what shall I say to him Madam.

Bell. Perhaps he did not mean to surprize me, say he attend him soon; what manner of Glass is this?

Exit Grycia.

Elv.

Elv. A very true one Madam.

Bell. That's the reason you make so much on't, ha.

Elv. 'Tis to examine our defects ; but you have none, pray give it me.

Bell. No no, if that be the use on't, 'tis good to Examine our defects. [*She looks*

Elv. Let me hold it Madam.

Bell. Lord how like the Image of Negligence shall I look, there's no elegance
at all in my Dressing.

[*Bell. makes ridiculous Grimaces,
and prinks her self at the Glass.*]

Elv. I'll put your hair in order.

Bell. Do Daughter, we shou'd be orderly.

Elv. You see Madam, Glasses sometimes may be necessary.

Bell. Yes, to set out our selves somewhat, to stir up or provoke a Person to
Conjugal affection, prithee how do I look to day humph ?

Elv. Your Face is very powerful, exceeding moving.

Bell. Really is it truly ! fetch my best scented Gloves, my Pastils and Po-
manders ?

Elv. And a little health to lay in your Cheeks.

Bell. By all means.

Exit Elvira.

Love to me, blessing on's Heart, to me ! but I must contain my joy.

Re-enter Elvira.

Elv. Here Madam.

[*Gives her the things and smiles.*]

Bell. Why dost thou smile Girl ?

Elv. To think how little you car'd for a Young Husband at my years, that
grow so warm at the approach of an Old Collonel at yours.

Bell. Go to, Mistri'ss you're too bold, very pious women may fall in Love ;
this Man is Rich, Wife and Grave : My House and your Honour both need a
Man of Reputation to guard 'em.

Elv. Methinks a Husband should guard my Honour better than a Father-in-
Law.

Bell. Why, who knows but the addresses the Father makes to me, may
breed in time some good Occasion between the Son and you.

Elv. Well-chance, as if you knew my heart good Mother.

Bell. Farewel, I'll lay Red on at the Glass in my Chamber, be sure he not
you seen.

Enter Tegue o' Devilly.

Teg. Shweet Laady the Shaints blest dee.

Bell. Good Father I'm busie.

Teg. Busy, phaath vidout me,

Exit Belliza.

I vil not bear this, no fait will I not, to put contempt and Indignation upon me.

Elv. What's the matter Father ?

Teg. Dee matter ! dosht dou not shree de maater ; she did slight my Saluta-
tion and you'd not spaake a vord to me, and by my fait she hash put de out-
shide of de door upon me.

Elv. Indeed it is very hard.

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and vill speak plaain vords to her very Teeth, and her Faash too ; I do not
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and vill speak plaain vords to her very Teeth, and her Faash too ; I do not
caare for her, if she vil put de out-shide of the door upon me. *Elv.*

Elv. She has great business, for Collonel *Don Bernardo* is come to make Love to her.

Teg. Ha, boo, boo, boo, wil she taake dose thoughts of Flesh upon a Fish day indeed, phaate wil I shay? By my Shoul I wil make I ennance unto her, that wil make her groan upon dis occasion.

Elv. May a Woman not think upon a Husband on a Fasting day?

Teg. Is not a Husband Flesh indeed, you do not take him for Fish do you you must not put Flesh into any part of your Body upon a Fish day indeed: But I wil spaake no more; have I done so much for de Caatolick Church, and am I thus affronted in this plaash.

Elv. Why what have you done for the Church?

Teg. phaate wil I shay unto you dere is my Paaper that wil maake Testificaa-tion upon me, and I believe I wil be a Caardinal, or a Shaint at least indeed.

Elv. What's this I can't read it.

Teg. I wil reshite it unto you, it is a Lisht of Heretiks names that I did recon-shile phan I was in *England*, and I wil speake a proud vord unto any Jesuits faash dat shimple as I shtand here, I did bring over more than any shix of them. [*Reads.*

Imprimis, Of Chambermaids dat vas maade vid Child by their Laadies Huf-bands, or, their Laadies Sons. Two and Taarty.

Item, Of Caash-keepers, dat did run away vid de money, and some broken wing'd Shopkeepers. Eighteen.

Item. Three Masters of Colleges, and shix Fellows.

Item, Of Whores, Eighty two.

Elv. That's a jolly Number indeed. I see you kept ill company, Father.

Teg. It was for deir shoules, indeed Joy.

Item. Of Teives de hough breaktief, de shtreet tief dat do's Robb upon de Poc-kett, de pad teife of de Road, and de horse teife, de Sodomite, and de Murderer; just as day vere going to be hang'd. Nine and Fourscore.

Elv. Did you make all these good Catholicks?

Teg. Yes, braave Catholicks, gallant Catholicks Fait and Trott.

Item. Of ancient saat women, day call Bawds, Thirty shix.

Item. Of Knights of de posht. Fourty.

Elv. What are those Knights of the Post?

Teg. Phy it is a great Order of Knighthood which they have in *England*, but day shwarm in *Ireland*.

Item, Of Cookmaids. Two.

Elv. How comes that number so small?

Teg. De Cookmaid find de greaat trouble in dressing de Fish, and day do not caare for fish days. All dese have I reconshile, and to be thus affronted; I vil go and meditate upon Revenge, and my Nature is Vindicative. [*Exit.*

Elv. I long to steal into the wooing between this mighty Collonel and my Mother.

Ex. Elvira.

Enter Bernardo, Hernando, Belliza, Rosania.

Bell. Good noble Collonel be more consideraate, this is not like the Spanish Conversation.

Bern. No Madam, I have learn'd better things in *France*, and in the *Nether-lands*: We men of War are not for words, I love to march up close to friends of foes, 'tis all one to me.

Bell.

Bell. By your carriage, I know not which you take me for.

Bern. I take all for Foes, till they have yielded.

Rosa. Hold hold, good man of steel, pray keep the Peace.

Bern. This I suppose is your Trinket ; *Hernando*, entertain her nimble chopps

Rosa. Your man, know Old Gentleman I'm too good for his Master.

Bern. Old Gentleman! peace Child peace ; had the proudest Grandee in *Madrid* call'd me Old, he had, by my beard, e're this fallen by my hand.

Rosa. Pray, let your Valour spare my Aunt and me.

Bern. Her Neice, ha ! I will not mind her.

(*aside*)

Bell. Pray be not so pert, young Gentlewoman.

Bern. This young Bud interrupts us ; be pleas'd to require her absence.

Bell. How Sir, shall a sincere widow of my Reputation, be in Company with a Colonel alone ? you have leave to speak, Sir ; do you minx, hold your peace.

Bern. You must excuse the heartiness of men of my profession, when I charge I love to charge home, as all *Europe* knows.

Hern. Home, ay Madam, my Master always charges thro' and thro', routs every party, and levels all that are before him, he loves no Musick like the whistling of Bullets, and no perfume like the smoke of Gunpowder.

Bern. I was ever given to Valour, and Magnanimity from my Youth upwards, and ever lov'd to take a Fort or Cittadel by storm, therefore consider Madam, what you do.

Rosa. He intends to make Love with fire and sword, Madam, have a care of him.

Bern. Again, my little Blossom.

Rosa. Stand off, what would you fight my Aunt ?

Bell. Peace Hufwife, I doubt not, but you are a gallant Commander as I have heard, but what is all this discourse to me ?

Rosa. He talks of his Valour, why they are always beaten by the *French*.

Bern. Voto, have a care, provoke me not, here stands the man, that always stood, and never ran, as can witness *Monts*, *Seness*, *Stratsburg*, &c. my Regiment of Horse of four hundred.

Hern. Being at least, Eight and Thirty effective men.

Bell. What's all this Valour to me ? (*aside*) He mentions not one word of Love.

Rosa. You hear Madam he can praise himself sufficiently, but cannot find in his heart to give your Ladyship a good word.

Bern. But come sweet Widow, what do we trifle for ? (*He stands up close to her.*) I hate this pickeering ; Let's lay aside our forlorn hopes, and let our bodies joyn.

Ros. Help, help, my poor Aunt.

Bell. Sir, Sir, methinks you are too abrupt ; this is not civil.

Bern. In Affairs of Love, he that shews most Love is most civil ; and we cannot shew it more than by eagerness and haste : Treaties of Conjugal Affection are always short and pithy. A word to the wise : *Don Bernardo D' Alcantara* would make *Donna Belliza* his Spouse, and enjoy her Person incontinently : hah, Widow, sayst thou, hah ?

Bell. Sir, this roughness of your carriage is somewhat unusual with me ; but I suppose this is a fashion of speaking you make use of to many Ladier.

Ros.

Ros. Now my Aunt comes home to the point.

Ber. 'Ounds, do you not take me for a man of honour? *Bernardo* is known all over *Europe* to be a man of honour: Not take me for a man of honour!

Bell. I hope I may, Sir; yet men are frail and fickle.

Ber. What, love another besides you! You take me for a monster, sure: I'd have you know I'm none of those that are all Love, and no Conscience.

Ros. Good Sir do not beat my Aunt, I beseech you.

Ber. Sweet Prattle-basket be quiet; peace little one, or I shall grow passionate. In short, *Belliza* is young, handsome and rich, *Bernardo* is rich, brave and honourable, active and sprightly, yet grave and civil.

Hern. The Widow melts like Snow before the Sun.

Ber. I have summon'd you; your Flag of Treaty is hung out; we have parley'd: Speak quick, Do you yield, or no? Know, I never had man or woman stand long before me.

Bell. You are a valiant man, I must confess; but your Valour does very much surprize and disorder me.

Ber. We must not loyter in Love, what we do we must do heartily.

Bell. In truth he seems a hearty Gentleman; Are you in earnest, Sir? Sure you dare not swear what you profess.

Ros. That's home indeed.

Ber. Yes, if your house be strong built, though swearing may seem a little uncivil at my years; yet when my Constancy is touch'd: Let me see, is your main beam strong? let me see: Ay, 'twill do: now have at you; By all the——

Bell. Hold, hold, Sir, do not swear, I beseech you.

Bern. Not swear when my honour and constancy are in question! *Voto*, I will out-swear the deepest Gamester in *Madrid*.

Bell. In professions of conjugal Love swearing may be lawful.

Ber. By the blood of all my Ancestors, by the unblemish'd Honour of my beard.

Ros. Oh horrid Oaths! you make my hair stand an end.

(*Ex. Ros.*)

Ber. Silence: By all——Heaven! who is this?

(*Enter Elvira.*)

Bell. You are free, Sir, to go on.

Ber. By all the beards of *Arragon*, an unknown Star.

Bell. Daughter, ha, what make you here?

Bern. Is she her Daughter? what ignorant Devil led me to the Mother?

Bell. You shou'd have stay'd without, I shou'd have told you all.

Bern. I am Plannet struck; this is the beauty I must worship: A Pox on the Widow for me; I must get off from my wrong Visit with speed before she expects me to swear again.

Bell. How are you, Sir, not well?

Bern. A sudden indisposition; I am troubled with a Fit of——a——Madam, good night.

Hern. What a Devil ails the Old Fellow?

Elv. Sure this great Souldier has been wounded often in the head, his brain seems somewhat tender.

Exit Ber. and Her.

Bell.

Bell. No, Girl, his wound's in the heart; his heart is tender. Good lack! I did not think my poor remaining beauty had that power.

Elv. Pray Madam be civil after mischief, and bring him to the Stairs.

Bell. You are so forward; pray keep your distance.

Exit Bell.

Enter Rosania:

Ros. Oh Cousin, I am transported with joy, too mighty for me, I cannot bear it.

(Sbe kisses a Letter she has in her hand, very often.)

Elv. Prithee don't run mad, *Rosania*, thou hast none of the strongest heads.

Ros. Look there, read, read, and be happy, for every one who touches that Paper must be so.

Elv. Love-madness is the same in all; let me see, this is to me. *To the fair Daughter of Belliza.*

Ros. Look within, the happy messenger that brought it, said, it was for the Lady that fell down; from the Gentleman that help'd her up.

Elv. reads) *Madam, The Adventure, as you came from Church, though of little danger to you; yet is like to cost me my Life: The wound I receiv'd by your beauty is mortal, without your help, to*

*From my House,
in St. Jago-street.*

Your Miserable,

DORISTEO,

Elv. This is short, but very much to purpose: How came you by this?

Ros. By an holy woman that belongs to the Sisterhood of St. *Clare*. I'll tell you more, he mistakes me for the Daughter; and unless you give me leave to carry on this Intrigue in your Name, I am a lost creature.

Elv. Thou art far gone, I see, poor *Rosania*, I may trust thee with my Name, thou wilt use it well.

Ros. I'll write instantly. Farewell.

(aside.)

Ex.

Elv. Oh dull *Luscindo*, couldst thou not apprehend me, or dost thou not like me? Thou, in both cases, art unworthy of me: but I understand his signs too well to think the latter, I would he understood mine as well,

*Oh how cou'd Love in any shape e're be
Disguis'd so much to make it strange to thee.*

Ex.

Luscindo, Hernando.

Lusc. Oh, *Hernando*, I am mad till I have discover'd my Passion to my Mistress: 'tis plain enough she made advances: And what a dull Clod of Earth must she think I am who have not design enough to let her know my Love.

Hern. Have patience, Sir, some few hours, and if your Father, who is the most vigorous Wooer I ever saw, makes not way for you, I'll do't.

Lusc. How, *Hernando*? for if I find not some way, I'll storm the house, but she shall know I love her.

Enter Doristeo, Finardo, Levia, on the other side of the Stage.

Lev. The Sun is set, and the *Prado* is cool and pleasant; but I am all on fire.

(to her self.)

Dor. I never saw a finer Evening: we shall have some curious Fruits, Confections and Lymonades, will you honour me to taste them?

D

Lev.

Lev. With all my heart.

Dor. My Servant waits yonder: but, dear Madam, be pleas'd to add to the pleasure of the Evening by charming me, and all the company, with a Song to the Guittar.

Lev. If you can endure it, send for a Guittar.

Fin. We have one ready.

(*she sings.*)

Lusc. There she is, that's her Voice.

Hern. How the Devil can you think of her?

Lusc. Revenge, revenge: I am resolv'd to conquer her, then laugh at her. But where's the Lady *Estifania*, you promis'd should be here?

Hern. At hand, Sir; she is my Mistress, but shall be yours at present, and pray use her civilly; and d'hear, Sir, be sure to let me have her again untouch'd.

Lusc. Pox on't, this Farce will never take, and if she discovers it, she'll triumph most unmercifully.

Hern. Play you your part, as well as I mine; and I'll venture my Life on't: Come here's your Lady *Bright*, your Mrs. *Estifania*.

Enter Estifania.

Lusc. Ha, she by this light may guess at me, but can't distinguish you.

Hern. Gently, Sir, this way.

(*They advance near the Company, they are moving towards the Musick, Levias steps aside*

Lusc. My dearest *Estifania*.

towards Lucindo.

Lev. 'Tis he, he calls her *Estifania*: all my Arts are suddenly turn'd upon my self: Hell take him, court her before my face!

Dor. What means this sudden, and this strange Distemper, Lady!

Lev. If he discovers my disgrace, he'll turn a Rebel too. (*Aside*) I feel a sudden faintness in my Spirits, pray help me to some water from yon Fountain.

Dor. I'll run and fetch you some.

[*Exit Dorisio.*]

Lev. Sir, I beseech you step for some strengthening Spirits, I find cold water will be too weak a Remedy.

Fin. You shall have them instantly.

[*Exit Finardo.*]

Lev. Musick, though you are in tune, I am not: There's your Cordial, jog off.

(*She gives them Money.* *Ex. Musick.*)

Lusc. Sweet *Estifania*, wonder of all Widows, Mirrour of thy Sex, thou brightest thing on Earth,

Estif. You find you are dear to me, who venture my Life and Honour for you. Name not my Name once more; shou'd any one o're-hear it, and carry it to my Brother, I were lost: think on his Quality.

Lusc. Thou art dearer to me than my Life, and I'll defend thee better. My Passion now exceeds all other mens, as thou out-shin'st the rest of all thy Sex.

Lusc. Oh that I knew thy Brother.

Estif. I warrant you have said as kind things to *Levia*.

Lusc. Brand me with infamy, if ever I consider'd her, but as a wandering wench, a trifle, only fit for too much leisure.

Lev. Thou lyest, thou Villain, thy tongue is black and rotten, as thy heart; I'll have another hand for my revenge on thee, but on this Serpent mine shall serve the turn.

Lusc.

Luf. Do you know the quality and tenderness of this young Lady ?

Lev. I'll give her marks to be known by.

Estip. Pray keep your Nails in, beshrew your heart for never paring 'em.

Luf. Stand off, what will you rob her in the dark ?

Esti. Death ! the Jade scratches like a Griffon, (*Lusca leads her off.*)

Enter Dorisfeo with a glass of Water, after him Finardo with a Vial.

Dor. Here's the water, Madam. What d'ye mean ? (*She snatches it, and breaks the Glass.*)

Fin. Here's the Cordial. (*Finar presents the Cordial, she does the like.*)

Dor. What is it has inflam'd you thus ?

Lev. No Cordial can relieve me, nor Water cool my Flame ; Nothing can quench it but the Traitors blood ; 'tis no time to dissemble now : I esteem'd your Passion, but had no power to answer it, I was so madly engag'd to *Lusindo*, the worst of men.

Dor. I have spent my time well the while.

(*Aside.*)

Lev. I frankly own I have dissembled with you, to urge his Love by jealousy.

Dor. A very pretty account of all my Money.

(*Aside.*)

Lev. Now I detest him, and if you'll aid me in revenge, by Heaven you shall entirely govern me.

Dor. What can he now have done so to provoke you ?

Lev. He had the impudence to court a Lady here, even now, before my face, and talkt of me with scorn and hatred.

Dor. Do you know his new Mistress ?

Lev. Nothing of her but what I over-heard ere they were aware on't : He call'd her *Estiphanía*, and Widow ; and she talkt of her Brothers Honour, Quality, and her apprehension of his Rage.

Dor. Furies and Hell, *Finardo*, this Description can agree with none but my Sister.

Fin. It cannot be, she is a woman of Honour.

Dor. Woman and Honour, pish, Womans Honour is a Bulrush.

Lev. I am infinitely oblig'd to you, that you so soon shou'd interest your self in my Revenge.

Dor. Yes I'll revenge : (*to Dor.*) Shall he think because I make Love to a Courtezan here of his, to wound the Honour of my Family ? His Life shall pay for't

Lev. I see you are wound up to high Resentments of my injury, I shall from this moment entirely love you, and for ever detest him.

Dor. Pox on this Courtezan, I cannot think on her, my Honour ! We'll wait on you home, and then revenge.

Lev. Dear *Dorisfeo*, now I find you are a Man of Honour.

ACT III. SCENE I

Enter Belliza, Elvira; Rosania.

Bell. **I**T is not fit *Elvira* that we trust this impertinent Girl with any Love affair, for I intend her suddenly for a Monastery : Her Fortune then will come to me. [*To her self.*] *Rosania* quit the Room.

Ros. I go Madam.

[*Ex. Rosania.*]

Bell. I wonder Girl at the disorder of the Collonel, that my Autumnal Beauty shou'd so wound him ; indeed my Coyness made your Father fall into fainting fits, but now alack, alack.

Elv. Sure Madam, he is infinitely taken with you ?

Bell. He is the heartiest Lover in *Madrid*, I'll say that for him ; and I have him fast, and as soon as he recovers shall have a visit. The Son may make a very good Husband for you.

Elv. I shall have no need of a Husband, having such a Father-in-Law.

Bell. Come, come, you know not how you will like him.

Elv. Too well, I know it; would Heaven that he lik't me as well.

aside.

Enter Grycia.

Gry. Madam here's a Letter from *Don Bernardo*.

Bell. Ha, ha, ha, I told thee *Elvira* I had fired him.

Reads. *You are like to have me from Generation to Generation, you first possess my Love, then it succeeded to your Daughter.*

What do I read ?

Reads. *My Estate is your Daughters if she'll make her claim, while I am in perfect senses, which I find I am now, because I have the Judgment to Love her.*

Perfidious Wretch !

Elv. What can be the matter ?

Reads. *But if she takes not pity on me, I shall dye distracted, and my Testament will not stand good in Law. Therefore, let me make one Visit before I depart, in adoration of her, who is your beautiful Image.*

Your most humble Servant *Bernardo*.

Is there no Constancy in vile Mankind ?

Elv. What swift change is in you, or in the Collonel ?

Bell. Let me see, his admittance may bring his Son into the House, who they say is a fine handsome Gentleman ; who perhaps may be glad of my Person and Fortune.

Elv. Madam you seem disorder'd.

[*To her self.*]

Bell.

Bell. Surpriz'd I am, but cannot be troubled since you are so concern'd, this inconstant Collonel has transplanted his affection from me to you. Read that.

Elv. reads to her self. Out on him Vile Apostate, and can he think I would be false to my dear Mother?

Bell. Me! No, no, Girl think not on that, *Bernardo's* Rich; and if he presses for a Marriage yield to him.

Elv. How Madam!

Bell. It will be convenient, I will have it so, dispute not with me; I'll retire and send him his Answer, take him at first, you need no other argument of his Inconstancy than his leaving me. [Ex. *Bell.*]

Elv. What Miracle's this that she can so easily part with a Lover!

Enter *Rosania.*

Ros. Oh Cousin this wicked *Duoena*, this *Grycia* suspects the good Woman who brought the Letter, and has forwarn'd her the House.

Elv. I have consider'd this matter, and your using my Name may breed dangerous Consequences.

Ros. Say you so, 'tis now too late, I have settled the correspondence; but I intend not to tell her how: I have observ'd a loose Board in our Balcony, and, for fear the Woman should be discover'd, have order'd my dear *Doristeo* to take his Letters there, and put his Answers under every Night. [To her self.]

Elv. Have you written to him?

Ros. I have.

Elv. Some way must be found out to retrieve this business; the least air or this mock Love may ruin me with *Luscindo*.

Ros. Since you will have it so, I'll rectifie the Error and let *Doristeo* know who I am.

Enter *Tegue O Devilly.*

Teg. Come little Daughter! dy Mother sent me to dee to Confess dee.

Ros. To avoid you her self, she sent you to me.

Teg. I will maake de heart in her Body bear, and aake for dat indeed gra: [To *Elv.*] Daughter do you awoyd de Pleafh. [Ex. *Elv.*]

Now little Pretty Daughter dou must approach vid humiliation, and vid reverence unto mee to dy Confession, and dou musht give dy shelf up unto me gra.

Ros. I do Father.

Teg. Begin den, and I vill spaake unto de fait and trot she is a braave young Laady indeed by my Shoul I vou'd I vere aafter being in bed vid her. [To himself.]

Ros. With great sorrow and grief of heart, I Confess I told my Aunt two lies since I confest last.

Teg. indeed dosh two lies vere one offence gra; arrah Daughter dou musht say Forty *Aves* and Two *Paters*, and dou musht faafht tree Holy days for daat indeed joy, dou shou'd Equivocate and maake use of mental Reservaaion and keep dy lies for shome great and pious occasion.

Ros. I saw a fine Embroider'd Petticoat, and I wisht for it.

Teg. No great matter, yet it is a kind of a Shin too.

Ros. But Reverend Father I beg Heavens and your Pardon, I have laugh'd at you several times.

Teg.

Teg. Aboo, boo, boo, maake laugh upon me, why didst dou laugh upon me? arrah dou shalt maake great Pennance for dat, dou musht kneel vid dy bare kneesh Naaked upon a cold sthone, one of de longest hours in de phole tay gra, but perhaps I vil taake off daat too. I vil not ang-r her too much [*To himself.* Now I vil spaake unto dee. Dousht dou not taake great pleasure vid dosh pretty eyes to maake shweet looksh upon shome man or anodder I warrant you.

Ros. Oh yes Father, and I was transported this day at the sight of a fine young Cavalier.

Teg. Peash den, dat is very vel, I vil inshte and provoke her. *aside.* And dou dosht desire shome communicaation in bed some night or anodder vid him I warrant you gra.

Ros. Not for the World unless I were Married to him, and then I must confess I shou'd desire it.

Teg. But hold I predee dosht dou not dream shometime of a Man and art pleash'd? by my Shoul her eyes doth worke Fascinaation upon me.

Ros. Yes Father, I do dream very often.

Teg. Daat is vel indeed, phaath dosht dou dream?

Ros. I dreamt last night that a fine young Gentleman came and took me by the hand.

Teg. Very vell, and I warrant dee he did shatroake dy Ame to dy Elbow, dush dush.

Ros. Yes indeed I dreamt so.

Teg. And he did squesh dy shweet hand, and kish it hard dush? dush, dush Joy.

Ros. Hold, hold, Father, what d'ye mean?

Teg. I do only maake demonstraation phaath dis young man did unto deetrot. By my shoul she has maude great inflamaation upon me, and if she vil not agree and beat under me, I vill maake a raape upon her Body. *Aside.* But predee spaake didst dou not dream shomphat further?

Ros. Yes, Heaven forgive me, I did dream that he took me hard about the waste, and did kish me.

Teg. Vell gra, an dou vert not angry vid him Joy?

Ros. No, no, I was too well pleas'd Heaven help me.

Teg. Phaath he did taake de about middle and did kish de, dush, dush, dush, dush, dush.

Ros. Hold, hold, hold.

Teg. Peash de kish of de Priesht vil absolve de prophaane kish of de Lay Maan, vell and he did trow dee downe upon de plaash, I vill show de how.

Ros. No, no, I dreamt not so far.

Teg. He did, dou dousht not spaak right, and I vil show de how by my Shoul; I vill maake a Raape upon her: [*He lays hold on her.*

Ros. Help, help, help, help, ah, ah.

Enter Bell.

Bell. Heaven, what's the matter here? Why, Father?

Ros. Help, help, help.

Teg.

Tegue. O dear Daughter, help me to hold her, she is poshesht, or obshest vid an evil Shpirit.

Ros. Oh Madam, I am not possesh, he is a wicked wretch, and if you had not come, wou'd have ravisht me.

Tegue. Oh help, help, how de foul fiend dosh spaake vid in her, vid a hollow wovih?

Ros. This is beyond all impudence and wickedness, Madam, Madam.

Tegue. Listen how hollow and terrible is dee woyth of de fiend.

Bell. Avoid, Satan, a dreadful hollow voice: Peace fiend, peace.

Tegue. I vill carry her into de next Room, and exorcise her. Laady, dou mayst retire, I varrant de I am shtrong enough, de fiend begins to know me; he vill frighten dy Ladyship.

Ros. Madam, for heaven's sake hear, he is the most wicked Villain.

Bell. Benedicite, Avoid Satan, thou malicious fiend, to blast the holy man thuz.

Tegue. Look, look, he appears, and peeps out at her mout, indeed in de shape of a Polecat, dost dou not see him.

Bell. Oh, yes, plain; oh what a misery is this, and what distraction will it cause in our Family? *Don Bernarda* is with my Daughter, and is to be her Husband, let him not hear this.

Tegue. I vill turn him out in a moment, *conjuro te Demonem.*

Bell. Get her into some Room at a distance, where the fiend may not be heard, while I retire, and watch the Collonel. (Exit Bell.)

Ros. Madam, Madam, are you out of your wits, hold, hold.

Tegue. By my shoul I vill conjure upon her. (He struggles wick her, to run her

Ros. Oh, help, help, ah, ah, murther, murther. into another Room.

Tegue. By my shoul, Joy, I vill not murder dee.

Ros. Oh impudent Devil!

Tegue. Aboo, I have losht dis braave occasion; (She gets loose, and runs, be-
now phaat vill I do for anodder? runs after her.)

Enter Bernardo, Hernando.

Ber. Wonder not, Madam, at my fierceness, we Military men never whine and make love like Ladies eldest Sons, who have been bred out of harms way, but like Cocks of the Game, and are all for dispatch; besides Madam, your Mother and I am agreed.

Enter Rosania in haste.

Elv. How now Cousin, what haste?

Ros. Oh Cousin! this *Tegue O Divelly* is the wickedst Villain you ever heard of, I'll give you an account by and by.

Ber. Hah, my little twig of Beauty are you there? But pray Madam, let her not stop my course of Love, for if it has not vent with me, tho ribb'd with Iron I shall crack.

Ros. What love to my Cousin? Why she's a young Lady.

Ber. Ay, Gad take me, why do I make love to her else? But prithee sweet blossom, contain that nimble Instrument thy tongue.

Ros. What, a Reverend white-headed, white-bearded old Gentleman with one foot in the grave, make love to a fine young Lady?

Ber.

Bern. Old ! because I'm white ! why all our Family are so by that time they are of Age, we are known by it, as the house of *Austria* by long chins, thick lips, and lank flaxen hair. *Hernando* do you back what I say.

Hern. I warrant you, if any man out lyes me, then I am a Baboon. My Master, Madam, was grey at sixteen ; I have known some of 'em grey at Seven: nay some of 'em have been born grey.

Bern. Ounds ! the Rogue will ruin me with his lyes, this 'tis for a fellow to lye that has no discretion.

Rof. He is pure White and Red, White on his Head, with his Nose full Red, like *Aetna's* top, that still is flaming with the Snow about it.

Bern. I shall grow chollerick, Madam: for all these white hairs, I did last Campaign, without Pole, or any thing in my hand, leap a Moat of 20 foot wide, over a Fauxbray.

Her. (*aside.*) from thence to the Parapet, at the next standing leap, next to the *Gla-*
eis of the Counterscarp, and then whipt over the Pallizado's.

Bern. Oh, Rogue, have a care.

Hern. Pish, they understand me not : you shall see, he took the Counterscarp about his middle, and the Bastion in his hand, and, whip, he took the Town in a twinkling.

Bern. A Pox on this Rogue, why firrah.

Hern. And I will not lose my life for any man living, Madam, my Master is a man of the greatest activity of any man in the Army ; I am sure he will put off the *Spanish* gravity when he runs away.

(*aside.*)

Bern. He tells you true, Madam, I was noted for it all over the Camp.

Rof. Can you creep through a Hoop, Sir ?

Hern. He shall do't with any man in *Europe* ; I'll go see for a Hoop, he shall do it presently.

Bern. Why firrah, impudence.

Hern. Or, Madam, he can leap over Three Joint-stools one upon another ; you have them in the Room, Madam, you shall see that done presently.

Rer. Rogue, saucy Rogue, I'll cut your throat, would you have me play the Tumbler ?

(*He goes to set the Stools.*)

Her. Madam, have a care of the Old Gentleman, my Young Master is the finest Gentleman in the world, is desperately in love with, and must perish without you.

Elv. Oh blessed news, but I must contain my self.

(*aside.*)

Bern. What say you to the Lady, you insolent Rascal.

Her. Are you angry, Sir, that I speak a good word for you.

Elv. Be not offended, Sir, nothing in the world could have pleas'd me better than what he said to me.

Bern. I am glad, Madam, any thing said in my behalf could please you ; your hand upon't, Madam, is it a match then ?

Elv. You know in *Spain* our Wills are not our own, our Parents have 'em in keeping for us.

Rof. Why, Cousin, are you mad, will you marry that Emblem of Mortality, that Death's head ?

Bern.

Ber. Thou little sprig of Envy, avoid, or I shall be furious.

Enter Grycia.

Gry. Madam, you must go to my Lady.

Ros. Is the Priest gone?

Gry. He is.

Ros. Come on then, I'll venture.

(Ex. Grycia and Rosania.)

Ber. The vigour of my Love can bear no delay.

Elv. There must be some time allow'd me in decency: But, Sir, since you begin to grow so particular, I must tell you a secret which concerns us both; have you not a Son nam'd *Luscindo*?

Hern. What does she mean now?

(aside.)

Ber. A Son, Madam! I have a stripling, a tall boy, but he is very young, he is not above sixteen.

Hern. Madam, my Master mistakes, he is but fourteen.

Ber. I was married at thirteen, and had him before I was fourteen.

Hern. Sir, you were married at eleven, did not I live (Bern. bites his Thumb, and with you? He was married before I was born: (aside.) makes signs to Hern.

Ber. Curse on the Rogue. 'Tis true, Madam, but I had no Children till I was fourteen.

Elv. 'Tis not for that I mention him, but if he be so Young, he is very forward, and I desire you will give a check to his ambition of serving me.

Ber. Hell and Furies! he dares not offer you his Love sure.

Elv. Yes, he has endeavour'd to corrupt my Maid, with this Heart of Ruby set in Gold: do you know it, Sir?

Ber. No: but by the largest Whisker in *Madrid*, (Gad forgive me for swearing) it shall cost the owner the best blood in his body.

Elv. Be not rash, proceed with calmness: if some fool has taken his Name upon him, bid him, from me, endeavour to find the Owner, which will be no hard matter, that I may know who has injured me; and if it be he, advise him to leave no more Letters under a loose board in our Balcony.

Ber. Cannons and Culverins! have you a Letter of his?

Elv. No, I tore it in indignation.

Ber. Voto, I helpt to bring him into the world, and I'll send him out again.

Elv. Have a care, Sir, Extremities will fill the Town with noise, and hurt my Honour: I conjure you, let a private Rebuke serve.

Ber. Well, Madam, I'll obey, I kiss your hands; I'll find him instantly.

Hern. Fare thee well, thou art an Angel of thy Sex. Ex. Bern. and Hern.

Enter Tegue O Devilly, Gremia and Luscindo.

Grem. Was ever such a Tyrant! you draw a flood of Tears from my poor Eyes, to see you use my Niece so savagely: Did ever woman write so passionate a Letter, did ever Lady so bewail her fault? With sobbing and tears, upon her knees, she ask'd your pardon.

Tegue. Dou hasht a Rock instead of a heart indeed: I did make a cry upon her when I did see her, vid dee poor Laady.

Grem. How are we all oblig'd to this good Man!

Lusc. Ha, ha, ha.

Tegue. Phaet dosht dou maake a graat laugh upon me, *gra*, arrah; I vill tell de now dou art very wicked, if dou dosht not taake pity upon de Laady, fait and trot.

Lusc. *Doristeo* will pity her.

Tegue. I tell unto you, she dosht not caare for dat fellow; Joy, phaet vill I shay more? Hasht dou no Conshence, by my shoul?

Lusc. Thou wert an excellent Pimp in *Flanders*, I see thou hast not forgot thy faculty here.

Tegue. I do love to maake peash indeed between man and man, and man and voman; I do not know phaet dou dosht call Pimp, indeed.

Lusc. I laugh at her.

Grem. O wicked wretch! wilt thou not hear the good man? So, here's the Rival, now we shall have fine work.

Enter Doristeo and Finardo.

Tegue. Peash voman, I will spaake to him, I musht be aafter shpaaking vid de *gra*; I vonder dou hasht no more Religion in dee, den to offer to taake anodder mans Mistress from him?

Dor. A Pretty Habit, for a He-Baud.

Tegue. Lay it upon dy Conshence; is not *Levia Luscindo's* Laady? phaet hasht dou to do vid her? De *Casuits* are clear in de point, it is a graat Shin, and a graat Faable.

Dor. I am too nearly concern'd to have time for fooling, I am glad, Sir, I have met you.

(To Luscindo.)

Enter Hernando.

Lusc. Have you ought to command me, Sir?

Hern. Ha, what's the matter now?

Dor. Having wounded my honour in so sensible a part, you must repair it by fighting with me.

Lusc. With your favour, Sir, you invaded my Right, but I have consider'd the matter, fighting is a solemn thing, and little Competitions about a Courtezan are not worth it.

Gre. Good Father, as you love Heaven, prevent their fighting.

Dor. Sir, you have not carried your commerce with my sister so subtilly, that I am ignorant of it.

Lusc. Your sister! upon my honour this is the first time I ever heard you had one.

Dor. I am not to be trifled with, you know not *Estiphanias*, the Widow, nor her quality? you walkt not invisibly in the *Prado*, nor did you talk so softly, but your Discourses came to my Ear.

Lusc. Is that it? ha, ha, what say you, *Hernando*?

Dor. Have you courage?

Lusc. Ha, then 'tis no time to talk.

(They draw. Hern. comes between them.)

Gre. Now Father.

Tegue. No, I vill fly now; we Priests maake dee vorld fight, but we do not caare for it our shelves.

(Exit Tegue O'Devilly.)

Enter Levia.

Fin. Guard your self.

(To Hernando.)

Grem.

Grem. Hold, hold, hold.

Hern. For Heavens sake hear me; is it true that the Lady *Estipbania*, whom *Luscindo* entertain'd in the *Prado*, was your sister?

Dor. Why am I so concern'd else?

Hern. I did not think my Mistress had been so well allied, her Mother sells fish, and she is little better than a Bulker.

Dor. Death and Hell, do you continue your mockery?

Hern. By heaven 'tis true: I gave her a sounding Name, to put a trick upon *Levia*.

Lev. Oh Rascals, Villains, Poultrons! O Coward *Doristeo*, dare you not cut his throat? will you believe this lie?

Grem. Hold, hold, ungracious Niece.

(*She flings Gremia down, who shrieks, and bails out.*)

Lev. Avaunt thou Bawd.

Gre. Oh my huckle-bone, my huckle-bone, ah, ah, ah.

Dor. Sir, you are a man of honour, and I must believe you; I ask your pardon for the trouble I have given you: pray give my friend and me leave to be your humble Servants.

Lusc. Sir, I shall be glad to serve you, and if that can do it, I give you all my interest in that Lady.

Lev. Ah Coward, I'll dispatch the Villain my self.

Dor. Hold, hold, *Finardo*, help. (*She snatches Doristeo's Sword, Sir, your humble Servant, I must endeavour to quiet this Lady, and runs at Luscindo.*)

Lev. Let me go, Coward, Rascal; I hate thee of all mankind: Help, help, Murder, Murder.

Her. How cou'd you think on this creature?

(*Exit Dor. and Fin.*)

Lusc. I am reveng'd, and now I have done.

Her. Oh, Sir, I have the best news for you, *Elvira* is infinitely in love with you.

Lusc. What say'st thou, dear *Hernando*?

Enter Bernardo.

Hern. Here's my Master, I must not be seen with you.

Lusc. Now has he heard of my Visit to *Levia*, and is come with a dull wise Lesson.

(*Hern. retires.*)

Bern. You stripling, I am come to tell you of a crime, which if you have the impudence to persist in, I'll make you the greatest Example of my fury that ever fell by this Arm.

Lusc. Is it such a crime, Sir, for a Young Man in the heat of his blood, to love a handsome Wench?

Bern. Do you capitulate, Rascal? I'll make you know there is a difference of persons, sirrah.

Lusc. I hope I may pretend where others are freely admitted.

Bern. How others?

Lusc. Yes, others; if you have better thoughts of her, you are much mistaken, I assure you, Sir.

Bern. Death, you Villain! dare you blast the honour of so innocent, so virtuous a Lady?

Lusc. She innocent and virtuous! ha, ha, ha.

Bern. Peace, thou abominable Varlet, or I shall forget my blood, and pierce thy heart.

Lusc. Sir, are these terms fit for a Son?

Bern. Dogbolt, to blast the honour of my Mistress; by my beard thy Mother ne're was a chaster.

Lusc. Heaven forbid, Sir; if so, it wou'd be doubtful, whether I owe you that Respect I pay you, Sir.

Bern. Audacious Coxcomb, her innocent freedom is above all malice, which join'd with her Wit and Beauty, has made her worthy of me, of *Don Bernardo*.

Lusc. What a Devil will the old man commit incest?

Bern. I tell you, firrah, she is your Mother-in-law, I am contracted to her.

Lusc. What do I hear! she my Mother-in-law! you will not prostitute the honour of our family, by marrying a Courtesan.

Bern. Abandon'd slave and lyar, she a Courtesan! Earthquakes, inundations, roaring Seas, and thunder! thou Puppy-dog, thou diest for't.

Hern. Hold, hold, Sir, your Dagger,
drawn upon your son!

Bern. draws his Dagger,
Hernando enters.

Bern. Let me go, firrah.

Lusc. Sir, I beseech you hold, there's some mistake.

Bern. Can any thing be so plain as thy blasphemy against *Elvira*? I will chastise thy black mouth'd insolence with Death.

Hern. Hold, hold, Sir.

Lusc. Hell and Furies! is she contracted to him? then let his Dagger pierce my heart: but sure it cannot be. *(aside.)*

Bern. Abuse my Mistress *Elvira*! does your guilt alarm you?

Lusc. 'Twas *Levia* I meant, what have I to do with *Elvira*?

Bern. And what have I to do with *Levia*? shall that excuse?

Lusc. By heaven, Sir, I thought you had all this while spoken of *Levia*, the fine Courtesan, from whose house I now came: and do you think I ought not to be transported to hear you speak of marrying such a creature?

Bern. No, no, Mr. Jackanapes, you know not *Elvira*, you, you?

Lusc. Not I: how, where, or when shou'd I know her? I can't guess your meaning.

Bern. You know not this neither, which you gave her Maid, to corrupt her to your interest. *(He gives him the Ruby.)*

Lusc. Not I, I never saw it till now.

Bern. Know, Young Coxcomb, she has made another-guess choice, nor you left no Letters under a loose board in her Balcony?

Lusc. I could as well understand you if you spoke *Arabick*.

Bern. She dispises you, bids you leave no more Letters: and if that Gem be not yours, she wou'd have you use all diligence to find the Owner, which will not be hard to do, that she may have satisfaction from him that has injur'd her: and I swear by all my former Atchievements, and magnanimous Deeds, I'll see her have it.

Lusc. Thou dearest creature upon Earth, I admire thy Wit as much as thy Beauty. *(to himself.)*

Be pleas'd to tell her, I will never rest till I see the owner, and that I resent this injury so, that I am resolv'd she shall have full satisfaction.

Ber. Now you say somewhat : come prepare your self, I'll carry ye to see your Mother, and you shall ask her blessing.

Lusc. 'Tis in her power to give me the greatest in the world. *(to himself.)*

Ber. I'll carry you to her, because I'm resolv'd the day after to morrow you shall go to *Flanders*, while I settle here. Sirrah, *Hernando*, I have not reckon'd with you for your damn'd Lies, Rogue, but go now and tell *Belliza* we are coming to wait on her.

Hern. I will, Sir.

(Ex Hern.)

Bern. Come stripling, follow me, I'll get some Pasteels, and stiffen my Whiskers, and so go.

Lusc. I follow, Sir.

(Ex. Bernardo.)

For *Flanders* ! I'll see it under water, or, which is worse, all under the *French King*, ere I leave my Dear, my sweet *Elvira* ?

(Ex. Lusc.)

ACT IV. SCENE I

Enter Bernardo, Elvira.

Bern. **I** Hope, my Dear, thou hast not afflicted thy self for my absence : it seems to me an Age since I kiss'd this fair hand : Your Mother and I have seal'd and dispatch'd, and now thou'rt mine, my Dear, when shall a *Domine* do the Office ? by my hilt and blade, I am all on fire for consummation.

Elv. No haste, I beseech you, Sir.

Bern. By my honour, but there is haste on my side, why, I am in a Fever, in a fiery Fever.

Elv. What noise is that ?

(A flourishing of Fiddlers.)

Ber. Some Musick, my Dear, I have provided for thee, though I must confess I delight in nothing but Haut-boys, Trumpets, Drums, Kettle-Drums, Whole Cannon, Demi-Cannon, Culverin, Half-Culverin, Musquet and Pistol, neighing of Horses, clattering of Arms, Groans of dying men, and such magnanimous military noises, fit for *Hero's*, yet I have provided softer Musick, befitting your soft sex : come in and sing a Love-Song, ye Scrapers, fit for the occasion. *[Ent. Fiddlers.]*

Elv. Sure this vapouring old Fool must be a coward.

S. O. N. G.

SONG.

*The Fire of Love in youthful blood,
Like what is kindled in brush-wood,
But for a moment burns,
Yet in that moment makes a mighty noise,
It crackles, and to vapour turns,
And soon it self destroys.
But when crept into aged Veins,
It slowly burns, and long remains,
And with a sullen beat,
Like fire in logs it glows, and warms 'em long,
And though the flame be not so great,
Yet is the heat as strong.*

Bern. Love in aged Veins, you damn'd Fiddlers, you Scoundrels of Resin and Catgut, what have I to do with aged Veins, you Caterpillars, Vermine, most confounded Minstrels, I will crack your empty Noddles, and demolish your squeaking Fiddles, that you shall not be able to play before a Maypole. (He

Enter a Drummer.

kicks and bears the Fiddlers out.

Elv. Methought they sung very well, what made you so passionate?

Bern. Uncivil Rogues, did I chuse them to entertain my Mistress, and must they Lampoon me with aged veins? aged, quoth they. But come, Madam, I'll entertain you with a heroick Song of my own, and I had provided this Drum to sing to, which is better than a Theorb, or Harpsycord.

Elv. Pray blest my Ears with it.

(Drum beats.

Bern. I will, my Dear, strike up.

*The bullets are roaring, and Cannons are flying,
With a thump, a thump, thump, thump, thump:
Cheer up my lads, we're think of dying,
With a dump, a dump, dump, dump, dump.
Fall on my brisk boys of the blade,
With a dub, a dub, dub a dub.
Tara, tan, tan-tara, ra.
This is the Soldiers Trade.*

Play the Ritomells. There's a Song, if you talk of a Song.

Elv. 'Tis admirable.

Bern. I see, my dear, thou hast Judgment: Go on.

(Drum beats.

Enter Belliza.

Bell. Hold, hold, must my devout house be taken for a lewd Garrison? Thou creature of most military noise, be gone, must this wicked rattling be heard in my house?

Bern. He shall go, but I take it ill you should call it, a wicked noise which the Hero loves above all pitiful effeminate Fiddles.

Hern. Sir, your Son waits without.

Bern.

Bern. Call him in: now my dear, thou shalt see thy Son-in-law, he is very young, and somewhat wild, he takes like his Father for that. He denies every thing thou dost tax him with, and knows nothing of the matter. (*Enter Luscindo.* Come Youth, come forward, and pay your Duty to your Mother-in-law.

Bell. Is this your Son, Noble Sir? [*Bern. goes to present Luscindo to Elvira.*

Bern. It is, Madam. [*Belliza interposes.*

Bell. Sir, I am your most obedient servant, and you are welcome, and ever shall be, under my Roof.

Lusc. You honour me exceedingly.

Bell. He is a most excellent accomplish'd Person; oh heav'n! how my poor heart pants and throbs at him.

Bern. Is he not prodigiously tall of his age? Simple as he stands there, he is bare sixteen years old.

Her. Madam, my Master speaks too modestly, he is but between fourteen and fifteen.

Bell. Good lack, I never saw the fellow of him.

Bern. Rogue, will you never take warning? Sirrah, get you out. Indeed, Madam, I thought he had been sixteen.

My dear, this is your Son-in-Law. [*Ex. Hern.*

Elv. I shall be proud of my Relation to him.

Bern. Let him do his Duty to you. [*She pulls off her Glove, she kisses her hand and puts a Note into it.*

Lusc. Madam, 'tis already a blessing to have kiss'd your fair hand, but I aspire at another benediction.

Elv. You shall not fail of all that I can give you, Sir.

Bern. Fair hand, I like not that expression; his eager kiss, and his fix'd looks. Come, Madam, give him your blessing; I have appointed him his business, he must be gone. [*He kneels down, she lays her hand on him.*

Elv. Under a loose board, in our Balcony, you shall find an answer this Night. Heaven bless you.

Bell. He is a sweet young Gentleman, I am enamour'd to the last degree, and methinks he looks amorously upon me.

Lusc. Heaven let me contain my joys.

Bern. His smooth Chin must be out of my way. Come, stripling, be gone, be gone.

Bell. Hold, hold, Noble Sir.

Bern. No, no, be gone, be gone.

He thrusts Luscindo out.

Bell. Ah, me! *Elvira*, is he gone? What will become of me, I shall faint?

Bern. I have appointed him to go towards *Flanders* the day after to morrow; He shall go where Honour calls him, while I stay here and sacrifice to Love.

Bell. O Daughter, help me to stop his Journey, or I am a lost Woman.

Elv. Is she caught already? Well, these melancholly devout Women, are the lovingest Worms upon occasion. Pray entertain my Lover, while I peruse a Note, wherein I have set down the things I must have before Marriage, and I'll endeavour to serve you.

Bell.

Bell. Good Noble Sir, one word with you.

Bern. With all my heart, a hundred if you please.

Bell. You seem too severe to this sweet young Gentleman your Son.

Bern. Not at all, Lady, he is a pert Boy, and will be too forward if I use him otherwise.

Elv. reads. Dear Madam, no passion ever equall'd mine, I adore your Beauty and your Wit, and am infinitely transported that you are pleas'd to let me know my happiness; but all this serves but to heighten my misery, unless your power, and your Mothers, can prevail with my Father to stop my Journey into *Flanders*, which he has resolv'd shall begin the day after to morrow.

Enter Hernando.

Hern. Sir, one of your *Flanders* Officers has extraordinary business with you; he is at your House.

Bell. But why so soon for *Flanders*? methinks you should be pleas'd to have him in your sight, as I my self am.

Elv. I beseech you let him be present at my Wedding. *[To him.]*
I am sure he shall be so. *[Aside.]*

Bern. When he has perform'd as many brave actions as I have done, he shall think of peace, but now Honour calls and he must go.

Elv. Does Honour call so soon?

Bell. I beseech you, Sir, let me have interest enough to prevail with you for his stay till my Daughters Wedding.

Bern. No, Madam, I have reasons to dispatch him away which I do not express.

Bell. And I have reasons to stay him here which I do not express:

Bern. My dear good-by, afflict not thy self for my absence, I'll see thee again ere bed-time; I kiss thy hand. Farewell my beauteous Mother-in-Law. *Ex.*

Bell. Oh I faint, I die, my dear *Luscindo*. *Bernardo and Hernando.*

Elv. Why Mother, Madam, Madam, this is a mighty Love-qualm: she reco-
vers.

Bell. Ah, my *Luscindo*. *(Enter Tegue O Divelly, who stands by unseen.)*

Elv. How, Madam, your *Luscindo*?

Bell. Come, Daughter, 'tis in vain to endeavour to hide that Passion which has thus, in spite of me, betray'd it self: but 'tis wonderful to observe the power of Love, and sympathy, and all that, but to lose this sweet Young Man.

Elv. Trouble not your self, I'll bring all about yet; I spake even now of a Note, it was not what I told you, but a Ticket from *Luscindo* to me.

Bell. To you! ah me, ah me! you are another mans wife, will you give ear to him?

Elv. Hold, Madam, mistake me not, he begs me to be his Advocate of Love to you.

Bell. Ah, my dear child, to me, say'st thou?

Elv. He is infinitely taken with your person.

Bell. With me, that am wholly spiritual! but this sympathy of Lovers hearts is a great secret in Nature, enough to puzzle all Philosophers. But where's the note?

Elv.

Elv. I tore it, lest his Father should spy it, who is ignorant of all. Know, Madam, I am now your Mother-in-law by a double way, and will not bate an ace of my prerogative.

Bell. Ha, ha, ha, dear child, thou art an arch one, I profess: well, go thy ways.

Elv. Take notice then, Daughter *Belliza*, you must be at your Balcony between Eleven and Twelve, and *Luscinda* will entertain you there, while I stand Centinel at the Wicket, and watch who comes by.

Bell. Oh blest news! I am transported. (*aside.*) You make me angry, Daughter: I entertain a man at midnight, when I should be at my Reads! (*so ber.*)

Elv. Come, Daughter, I will have my Title, and use my Authority: I advise, nay, command you as a Mother.

Bell. Well, thou art a wag, I vow.

Elv. There's no fear, I your Mother-in-law will take care of you.

Bell. Well, Daughter.

Elv. Daughter.

Bell. Mother, then since thou wilt have it so, I give my self up wholly to your conduct.

Tegue. Aboo, boo, boo, wilt thou shoo joy, arrah, I vill put Excommunication upon thee, art thou not ashaam'd, and dost thou not tremble to look me upon de faather, gra, didst thou not maake Vow unto me, never to commit marriage, and like a pioush Widow, to give dy estaate unto de Caatolick Church; Joy Trot, I vill maake thee know it is a mortal sin to maary, and I vill give thee up unto shaa-tan for dis gra.

Bell. Heaven, what shall I say! I am confounded.

Tegue. Thou dost behaave dy self gaallantly by my shoulwaation, how didst thou dare to put thee out-side of the door upon me, hoh?

Bell. Good Father hear me, I would marry to perswade my Husband to give his Estate to the Church.

Tegue. Den thou vouldst be a pious Laady indeed, Joy, but he vill be aafter keeping dy Estate and his own too an be.

Bell. While he thinks to have power over my Estate, he is deceived; for I have by a private Deed put it out of his reach.

Tegue. It is very laudable and pious, if thou dost cozen him to a holy and good end gra, but I vill maake de groan under dy pennance indeed, for talking of deese fleshly matters upon a fish-day.

Enter Rosania.

Ros. Ah, who is here?

Tegue. Ah, by my shoul have I caught thee again in my clutches, thou art possesht, I vill exorcise thee now.

Rosan. Stand off, let me go, thou beast, thou Swine. [*Belliza sneaks out.*]

Tegue. Dost thou hear? dee fiend speaks in her body, and calls a Priest a Swine indeed. I vill conjure thee, phaat is dee Widow gone? aboo, boo, she hash put thee out-side of de door upon me again: Daughter, awayd dis plaash dat I may exorcish.

Rosa. Help, help, Cousin, I vill tear his eyes out.

Elvira. Be gone, you lustful Villain, we will complain to the Fathers of the Inquisition.

Tegue. By my shoul I will maake a great laugh upon dee, de inquisition is for de rich Jew, and de Heretick dog; come into another Chamber, Joy. Hold, hold, hold, dy wicked nails. *(Rosania scratches him, and gets loose.)*

Elv. You a Priest! a Devil. Be gone. *[They tear his Hood and Habit, and beat him out.]*

Tegue. Murder, murder, I will excommunicat, I will excommunicat.

Rosa. Let's follow him, and see him out.

[Exit Priest.]

Elvira. My mother threatens to send you to a Monastery to morrow.

Rosa. To a Monastery! I am for ever lost.

Elv. Let's retire, and consult how to prevent it; it grows very late, and it will be time to write, and lay my Note under the board in the Balcony. *Rosania* shall write it, that if my Mother should chance to find it, I may disown it: fear not, *Rosania*, I will contrive thy escape.

Rosa. A thousand blessings on thee.

(Exit Elvira and Rosania.)

Levia, Gremia in the street, Levia in Mans Habit.

Gre. Will you never go home? Though you care not for your Reputation, I will not lose mine.

Lev. Again thy stale advice, thy Reputation! thou art a Bawd, and a foolish one.

Gre. Ah me, that I should live to see this hour: I a Bawd! out on thee, thou art a Whore, and a silly one, to run up and down in this lewd manner, at these wicked hours; canst thou not be a Whore, and keep thy Reputation?

Lev. In short, good impudent froward Aunt, either follow my directions, or we will part for ever.

Gre. What shall I do if she leaves me? I am ruin'd. You know my good Nature too well, you will make me grey with sorrow.

Lev. Come, come, be a good towardsly Aunt, and I'll pass by all; but do you hear, fail not of getting admittance to *Belliza* and *Elvira*, and tell them the story I have instructed you in.

Gre. You ever make a fool of me thus.

[She cries.]

Lev. Too well I know now *Elvira* is the cursed Object of *Luscindo's* Love, and the cause of his deserting me.

Grem. I see you love him still.

Lev. I hate him beyond all aversion, and will be revenged though I perish with him: Where are my Rogues? Oh, are you come?

(Enter Six Bravo's.)

I Bra. I never broke my word in my life, do you think I have no honour in me?

Lev. Fire this house, the Villain will then come out, and you may dispatch him.

I Bra. We will dispatch him, but no firing of a house; that were to make a light to be caught by.

Grem. O heaven, will you commit murder? I have contributed towards the making of many a man, and cannot in conscience consent to the destroying one.

Lev. Stir not, nor oppose me, if thou dost, by heaven I'll have thee kill'd.

Gre. Well, well, I'll say nothing, do what you will.

Lev.

Lev. Here will I stand a statue at his door till he comes forth. Gentlemen, go ye and wait at the corner of the street, and when I whistle come. [Ex. Brav. Stand close, Aunt.

Enter Elvira in the balcony, with a Ticket in her hand.

Elv. Go thou, dear Paper, and good luck attend thee. (*Which she lays under a board, then Exit.*)

Enter Luscindo and Hernando in the street.

Lev. Here comes company, I shall be discover'd before my time; let us retreat to our Main-Guard. (*Ex. Grémia and Levía*)

Luscindo, Hernando, with a Dark-lantern.

Lusc. Place the Ladder here. (*He goes up to the balcony, finds a Note.*) Oh, here's the sweet Paper, away, dispatch, and hide the Ladder. [*Hern. carries out the ladder, and re-enters immediately. Luscindo reads by his Dark-lantern.*]

Lusc. What do I read! I am transported beyond my self.

Reads. Joy of my Soul, The thoughts of our Separation are insupportable, which to prevent, I have persuaded my Mother, That you wrote, conjuring me by the Kindness of a Mother-in-law, to propose you in Marriage to her, which took as I could wish, and she has, at my request, consented to entertain you at her balcony at midnight; fail not to be there with Hernando: She cannot know your voice; your statures are alike, and 'twill be too dark to distinguish Faces. If Hernando has Wit enough to act his part, and entertain my Mother, I shall have you free to my self at the Wicket, where we may provide for our happiness: And if my Art succeeds not, for your stay, assure your self, I will not stick at the boldest resolution you shall fix upon,

Yours intirely,
ELVIRA.

Lusc. Was there ever so charming a creature! Ah, dear *Elvira*, each minute is an age, till I have got thee within these arms. Time runs too fast for every other man, but for expecting Lovers is too slow, dear happy paper.

Hern. We shall have you transported here, till your Father finds you.

Lusc. Thou say'st right, let's in and bustle, as if we were putting up my Goods for Flanders. (*Ex. Luscindo and Hernando.*)

Enter Rosania in the balcony, and puts her Note under the board.

Rosa. Go, thou dear Messenger of Love, and fall into the hands of him, who alone can deserve it.

Her. You need not go in, I'll bring you word if your Father be in bed. [*Ex. Hernando.*]

Lusc. Do so, Oh *Elvira*, let me kiss this Relique in absence of my Saint, my Joy is too great to bear.

Enter Hernando.

Hern. Your Father is fast, he snores as loud as the Drone of a Bag pipe; an Alarm would not awaken him.

Lusc. To our business quickly, the Balcony-door opens, 'tis near midnight.

Belliza and Elvira in the balcony.

Bell. Will *Luscindo* never come? I profess this is the longest night.

Elv. Hold, hold, I hear some coming this way, it must be he and his trusty *Hernando*.

Bell. Lord, how my heart does heave and pant, my breath grows short, and every part of me is affected with the Passion.

Hern. Is my most divine and adorable Lady there ?

Bell. Divine and adorable ! I warrant him a fine spoken man. [To her self.
Hither your own, and your Mother-in-laws importunity has brought me, noble Sir.

Hern. May I not have the liberty of entertaining you alone ?

Bell. (To *Elv.*) Go down to the Street-gate, and entertain *Hernando* at the Wicket, while *Luscindo* and I confer about our vertuous ends ; and if any company comes by, give a hem.

Elv. My dearest Saint of a Mother, who would not have trusted me with a Cat, now delivers me up, for her own ends, to a Young Man in the dark. (Ex. *Elvira*.)

Bell. I shall never hold out without some *Aqua Mirabilis*, I grow so chill, and quake. Hold, I hear *Rosania's* Guittar ; if she discovers me I am ruin'd.

Her. Thou Cordial of my Soul, art thou alone ?

Bell. Yes, my dear, but I hear some up in the house, I'll go and secure them ;
(Ex. *Belliza*.)

Enter *Elvira*.

Lusc. (At the Wicket) My most incomparable *Elvira*, I know not which to admire most, thy Wit or Beauty, they are both so Angel like, thou dost so much transcend the rest of all thy Sex, that they appear but splendid trifles when compar'd to thee.

Elv. I know my self too well to apply this ; all my hope is, that you have love enough to deceive your self ; and since all happiness is but imagination, 'twill serve your turn as well as truth.

Lusc. 'Tis so real a blessing, and so great an honour, that to be King of *Aragon*, is a less title than the love of *Elvira*.

Elv. This is the foolish dialect of lovers, which one who is not in love, would laugh at, and never think it were in earnest.

Lusc. By heaven, I am so much in earnest, that all the happiness you have rais'd me to, will prove my utmost torment, unless you take this opportunity to compleat it. (He offers to embrace and kiss her.)

Elv. Stand off, mistaken young man, I confess my loose carriage has serv'd this, but know *Luscindo*, that though my inclination was headstrong, that by indecent ways I sought to make my person and my passion known : Yet tho I have as much Love as ever woman had, I have as much Honour too, and the first minute of your attempt to lessen that, this poignard shall make the last of your life and mine.

Lusc. kneels. Dearest *Elvira*, by this I find but what I knew before, That your Vertue and Honour were equal to your Wit and Beauty. I beg a thousand pardons for my rash offer, but beg you will not too far mistake me ; for when I once have so impious a thought as to attempt your honour, my poignard should do you Justice on me.

Elv. Sir, pray rise, this posture does not become you to me.

Lusc.

Lusc. Should my love to you have the least mixture of dishonour in it, I should hate my self as much as I love you.

Elv. May I believe you ?

Lusc. Upon the honour of a Cavalier, the compleating of the happiness which I desired, was our instant marriage; a man can no more love *Elvira* with dishonour, than he can love heaven, and be vitious; it were a contradiction.

Elv. Then my dear *Luscindo*, I ask thy pardon, here take this chaste Embrace, and with it heart and soul; I am thine, nor is it in the power of Fate to alter me.

Lusc. Hold heart, my joys come now too thick upon me.

Elv. But oh, *Luscindo* ! I fear that all mine, and my Mothers Arts, will prove vain to procure a respite of your Journey.

Lusc. Then I am lost, unless your Love be strong enough to carry you to the Noble resolution of—

Elv. What Resolution ? Can you doubt my Courage ?

Lusc. The resolution of making an escape, and flying to some distant place.

Elv. Your faith so plighted as it is, leaves no room for doubt, in such a heart as mine; I am resolved to run all fortunes with you.

Lusc. My Saint, my Angel, let me adore thee.

Elv. Come, come, talk like a Mortal, and consider of our escape.

Hern. So, I have connd enough, and have all my piteous Love-sick language ready. Let me see, Suns, Moons, Stars, Planets, Lightning for Eyes: Roses, Cherries, Crimson, Scarlet, *Tyrian* Purple, for the *Spanish* Wool upon the Cheeks: Snow, Lillies, Milky way, for the Skin: Rubies and Coral for the Lips: And Gums, Pearls Oriental for the Teeth: Sun-beams and Golden Tresses for the Hair, that's sandy: Fire, Flames, Fry, Burn, Wounds, Pistols, Daggers, Hal- ters, for my self; and there's an end on't.

Enter Belliza in the Balcony.

Bell. I have secur'd all, and am return'd Noble Sir, and if you please you may proceed.

Hern. My most venerably amiable, and amiably venerable *Belliza*, I am come to lay my heart before you.

Bell. Most transcendently generous, and generously transcendent *Luscindo*, I must thank you for the passion which you bring.

Hern. A Pox on't, I do not know what to say to her. Let me see, I'll make Love in Rhime, out of Heroick Plays; 'tis even as natural here as upon the Stage.

Dearest Ursula Major,
Which signifies a Bear.

[To himself.

*I am so dazzled with your radiant Eye,
That like the silly, and unheedful flye,
As sweetly the Heroick Poet sings;
At that bright flame I've sing'd m' advent'rous wings.*

Ha, that runs well enough.

Bell. My Noble *Lindamour*, I find you are an errant Courtier; now you cannot see my lustre in the dark.

Her

Her.

*Can it be dark, dear Urfa, while those eyes
With such fierce beams my feeble sight surprize?
You shine so brightly that the vigilant Fowl,
Sacred among the Athenians, call'd the Owl,
Keeps in his silent Cloyster with the Batts,
And conscious of the light; the sullen Cats,
Forebear to Caterwaul, forget their passions,
And fail their several scratching assignations.*

Bell. He has a bewitching Tongue, but comes not to the point.

Lusc. Here's company coming; at Ten to morrow Night I'll not fail to have
a Coach in the back-lane. Joy of my heart, farewell.

Elv. My Life, my Soul, farewell: Hem, hem.

Bell. Good lack, she calls, I must be gone.

Lusc. Hernando, here let us retire.

Enter Dorisfeo, Finardo and Sancho.

Dorisfeo. My dearest friend, I am infinitely obliged to you for your assistance.

Finar. Not at all, it is the duty of a friend.

Lusc. Who are these? they go towards the Balcony: 'Sdeath! he is going up,
I'll stop his proceedings. *(Dorisfeo gets up on his mans shoulders, and takes*

Dor. Here's the dear Note, let me read. *the Note from the balcony.*

*Reads, Life of my Soul, my Mother threatens me with a Nunnery as soon as it is
light, and except you come and rescue me, I am lost to you and all the world; for you are
all I value in it.*

Yours wholly,

ELVIRA.

Lusc. Let me draw, and see who this Traitor is, and punish his insolence. *[He
Ha, Dorisfeo. opens his lantern.*

Dor. What lanthorn's that? let us retire.

Enter Levia and Gremia, with Six Bravo's.

Lev. This is the Villain, fall on. *(They fight, Dorisfeo, Finardo and Sancho*

Lusc. What Villains are these? *come in to Luscindo, they beat the Bravo's off.*

Grem. Ah, ah, murther, murther. *[She runs about squeaking.*

Lev. Ah, cowardly Dogs. *[Ex. Levia.*

Dor. Hah, Luscindo, I am glad it was in my power to assist you against these Villains.

Lusc. *(aside)* Sir, I must confess I owe my life to you, let me see if I can fairly
discover this Intrigue: What lucky accident brought you hither? *[to him.*

Dor. You are a man of honour: I shall have need of your assistance: *Elvira,*
the daughter of this devout Widow here, is my Mistress, and has left a letter, by
appointment under a loose board in her Balcony, to let me know, that as soon
as it is light, her mother intends to force her to a Nunnery, and conjures me to
rescue her, I may have of so gallant a mans Sword, which I know you will not
deny me; there's the Note.

Lusc.

Lusc. Oh heaven and earth, it is her hand, the same with my Note ! O Devil can so much beauty have so much falshood ? Draw, and defend your self ; you saved my life, but have now forfeited your own : this *Elvira* is my mistress, whom if you resign not to me, you must die.

Dor. You mistress ! resign or die ! Nay, then have at you. *Sancho*, stir one step, and I will cut your throat.

Lusc. Take your life, I now am even with you. (*Luscindo and Doristeo fight, and Finardo and Hernando : Luscindo and Hernando disarm the other two.*)

Dor. Accursed fortune !

Hern. Take your Sword, and say you are beholding to me.

Enter Bernardo in his Night-Gown, with Servants and Flambeaux, and Swords drawn.

Bern. What clashing of Swords and fighting has been here ?

Dor. Let us retire from these lights.

Bern. Ungracious boy, is't you ? whom have you fought with ? what had you to do here ? I'll pack you away for *Flanders*.

Lusc. I must confess I was somewhat late taking leave of my Mistress, and as I was coming home, I found a Gentleman, and Two with him, he climb'd the Balcony, and I not knowing but it might be to violate the honour of your Mistress, *Hernando* and I fell upon them, disarm'd them, and gave them their lives at present.

Bern. *Voto, Voto, Diabolo*, why did you give them their lives ? let's follow, and murder them.

Lusc. They are fled out of distance, but I know the Gentleman, whom I will go to in the morning, and make him promise under his hand to make no more attempts, or I'll cut his throat.

Bern. Damnation, you foolish boy, why did you give him his life ? Shall any Villain live who attempts the honour of *Don Bernardo's* Mistress ?

Lusc. I gave him his life, because I ought mine to him ; for just before, I was set upon by half a dozen *Bravo's*, and he fought gallantly, and relieved me.

Bern. How *Bravo's* ! what a Devil's this ?

Lusc. Let's in, Sir, and we'll consult what's to be done.

Bern. Come on, I am in a mist, I know not what to think on't.

ACT.

ACT V. SCENE I

Enter *Elvira, Rosania.*

Rosa. IF ever life or liberty were dear to thee ; if ever love enter'd thy tender breast, and thy *Luscindo* has possession there, pity my sad condition. Must I be buried while alive with Melancholy and Green-sickness'd Nuns? your pious hypocrites and Chalk-eaters, and lose for ever my dear *Doristeo*? Upon my knees I beg thy help ; if ever thou hadst compassion in thee, show it now.

Elv. I will, my dear *Rosania*, fear not, I will prevent thy going to this dreadful Nunnery.

Rosa. There is but one way left : thou art intrusted by my Aunt with the keys of the house, I have appointed *Doristeo* to be ready this morning, let me out, and I shall owe my life, my love, and all the world to thee.

Elv. I am intrusted, and would'st thou have me false to that trust?

Rosa. 'Tis to be true to love, the greatest power upon earth, oh, be not false to that.

Elv. I must consult my conscience.

Rosa. Oh, look not, dear *Elvira*, to succeed in any of thy wishes, if thou desertest me now.

Elv. I will not quit thy interest.

Rosa. There is no way left but this, which if thou should'st deny me, I am for ever miserable.

Elv. How knowest thou *Doristeo* is not wicked, and may violate thy honour?

Rosa. I know first, that I will part with my life before I yield my honour; besides, he has the reputation of a gallant man.

Elv. Well, I will strain a point for thee, and let thee out, and I wish thee all the happiness fond lovers can imagine.

Rosa. Millions of blessings fall on thee, my dear, dear *Elvira*, author of my life and liberty ; haste, haste, lest my Aunt, or the *Duoena*, should surprise us. Farewel my dear, dear *Elvira*.

Elv. Adieu, my dear *Rosania*, (*Elvira unlocks the Wicket, and lets Rosania out.* thou art very near thy happiness ; I would I had as little difficulty : but let it be never so great, I am resolv'd to surmount all, for my dear *Luscindo's* sake.

Enter *Belliza.*

Bell. What do you up so soon?

Elv. My concern for you, daughter, would not let me rest: I came out of my Chamber, thinking I had heard the door open; did not you hear something?

Bell. Yes: which made me come out of my Chamber.

Elv. We were deceived, the door's shut, and I have the keys in my pocket.

Bell. Well, this *Luscindo* is a charming person, he so bewitch'd me with his Tongue, my Eyes have never come together, dear daughter.

Elv. Again, daughter!

Bell. Dear Mother then, take care of me, or I am lost in the flower of my age. Hah, what knocking's that? (*Knocking at the Wicket.*)

Elv. I know not: If some body has caught *Rosania*, and brought her back, both she and I am ruin'd. (*aside*)

Enter Grycia.

Gry. Madam, yonder's the *Irish* Father with a grave Old Gentlewoman at the door, desire Entrance; your Ladyship has the Keys.

Elv. Here they are.

(*She gives Grycia the Keys.*)

Bell. What can this mean?

Elv. I know not.

Ex. Grycia.

Enter Tegue O Dively and Gremia.

Tegue. Good morning Daughters, the Saints bless ye; here is a good pious ancient and reverend Laady that would be after spaakeing vid dy Faaders child and dine own der gra arrah: She is a Gaallant Laady, and Lovet de Church, and is very dewout indeed, a Laady of great rank, and wertue.

Bell. Would your Ladyship have ought with me?

Gre. Are you *Donna Belliza*?

Bell. I am.

Gre. Your Ladyships most obedient Servant: and is this your Daughter, Madam?

Bell. It is.

Gre. I am your Ladyships most humble servant to command.

Tegue. Do you not see now she is a graat Laady of great solidity, of much breeding, good behaviours, and formalities and be?

Gre. You are then the mother, and she the daughter; good, I have somewhat to impart to both your Ladyships, which concerns me and both of ye.

Tegue. She is a fine-spoken Laady as any in *Madrid*, no dispraise, I tell you Joy

Gre. There is nothing so dear, so precious in the world to a Lady as her Honour and Reputation; very well; and my concern for this is the occasion of my waiting upon you now: do you conceive me?

Elv. Not I, Madam, truly.

Gre. Go to: I have a Niece whom I have educated from her first budding, till she is become mature, as I may so say, and ripe for gathering, good.

Bell. She has a fine tongue truly.

Tegue. Did I not shay sho to dee gra?

Gre. In this Niece did I place all my Joy, having brought her up to all the rules of strictest Vertue? right; do you understand me? Now this Niece, de conceive me, is one of the greatest beauties in *Madrid*; de see? well.

Elv. What is her Name ?

Gre. *Henrietta de Sylvia*

Tegue. Aboo, by my shoul she is aafter telling a great lye indeed. *(aside.)*

Gre. Now there is a Neighbour of your Ladyships, one *Don Bernardo*, and he has a Son named *Luscindo*, very good, as fine a person as the Sun ere shined on, a person, de understand me ? but to go on.

Bell. Whither does her discourse tend ? pray heaven he be not inconstant. *(aside.)*

Gre. Now this *Luscindo* is a man of shining honour, by his Deeds in Arms, de conceive me now ? what does me this *Luscindo*, I say, what does me he do ?

Elv. What does this impertinent creature drive at ?

Gre. I say, what does me he but prune himself, and strut before her window with amorous contenance and mien ? very well : dogs her when she goes to Church, whispers in her ear at Mass ; de see : Serenades her every night : good now, what does me she.

Tegue. She has a raare shilver tongue, fait, an be, she dosh talk gaallantly by my shoulwaation :

Gre. I say, what does me she, alas, good Ladies, you cannot but conceive, that we of the frail Sex are liable, and so forth, de understand me ? Good, my Neice, my poor frail Niece ; alack, alack ! I cannot speak for tears.

Bell. My mind misgives me ; I am miserable ; I scarce dare stay to hear the fatal Story. *(aside.)*

Gre. I say, what does me my Niece but become amorous of this young charming person ? well, gives him a meeting, signs a contract as he to her, and since he has left her for this young Lady, and has the impudence to own his new Passion. My poor Niece lies distracted, tearing of her hair, bound in her bed.

Bell. Ah, ah, ah.

Elv. Oh, savage Monster, I'll not bear this vile affront ; she tells it so naturally it cannot be feigned.

Tegue. I vill maake testification upon Oat, dat all dis is true and shartain, fait and trot gra.

Bell. Ah, ah, *Luscindo*, *Luscindo*.

(Belliza falls into a fainting fit.)

Gre. Ah me, help, help my Lady, cut her Lace, cut her Lace, get some *Arsa fatida*, blew Inkle, or Patridge Feathers, and burn under her Nose. I hope I did not occasion this.

Tegue. By my shoul I vill sling shome holy vater in her saash, and cross it, and it vill maake cure upon her.

(He pulls out a bottle of Holy Water, and sprinkles some upon Belliza's face, and crosses, and mutters.)

Dey call dese fits, but by my shoul dey are de evil Spirits dat vill get in at de mout, if vee do not taake great caare of dem.

Bell. Oh, vile *Luscindo* ! but heaven has justly punish'd me for leaving my Beads for the vanity of Love : Oh, holy Father, 'tis you must give me comfort, I wholly resign my self into your hands, and will ever give my heart to heavenly matters, and retiring from the world.

Elv. Retire, Madam, into your Chamber.

Bell. I will, follow me holy man.

Ex. Bell. and Tegue

Gre.

Gre. I am sorry to find I am the cause of so much disturbance in this good family, but I thought I was as well concern'd for the Love to my Niece, as in honour to you, to let you know of *Luscindo's* contract; and so I kiss your hand.

Elv. Farewel Madam.

(*Ex. Gremia.*)

O vile *Luscindo*, thinkest thou that I can be content with a false title to thee, with a heart that's mortgaged to another? I will revenge this base indignity by instant marriage with thy Father this morning: Oh, false, false *Luscindo*!

Ex.

SCENE, *Bernardo's* House.

Bernardo within.

Bern. Why, *Diego*, Sirrah, Drone, Bear, Dormouse, stir, Rogue; by my beard I think an Earthquake would not wake thee: why sirrah, are you in a dead sleep?

Enter in his Morning-Gown, and Diego to him.

Diego. Oh, oh, I was, Sir, till you were pleas'd to call me to life, but to a wearisome one, if you will not suffer me to take out my sleep.

Bern. Thou would'st out-sleep the seven sleepers: 'tis broad day.

Diego. I see that as well as you, Sir, and better too; for my eyes are younger.

Bern. Lazy Rascal, the Rising-Sun upbraids thy sloth.

Diego. I am sure he went to bed before me.

Bern. But sirrah, leave your prating, and tell me, did I not hear the Wicket open?

Diego. How can I tell whether you heard it? you can resolve your self much better of that than I.

Bern. Peace, thou son of a Strumpet, what have you a mind to be witty? I am confident I heard it: this lewd boy of mine has been abroad all night; I shall never rest till he be in *Flanders*: Sirrah, go see if my Son be in his chamber, and bring me word.

(*Ex. Diego*)

Enter Luscindo, Hernando and Diego.

Lusc. Tell my Father we have been packing up my Goods for *Flanders*.

Diego. I will Sir.

(*Ex. Diego.*)

Lusc. Is't possible *Elvira* should be false? How can it yet be otherwise? this Note to *Doristeo* is too plain a proof to leave me any room for doubt; Was e're misfortune yet like mine.

Her. There must be some mistake, it cannot be.

Enter Grycia.

Gry. Sir, there is a Letter for you from my Young Lady.

Lusc. For me?

Gry. Yes, Sir. *Hernando*, which is *Don Bernardo's* apartment?

Hern. Go in there.

(*Ex. Grycia.*)

Lusc. Hah, this is another hand.

He reads, *You may spare your self and friends the pains of coming to carry me away, your falshood and unworthiness shall be revenged by my instant marriage with your father, nor will I ever see you more in any other quality than that of your Stepmother,*

Elvira.

Ha, what means she by my falshood? This may be her mothers hand, they are afraid this dishonourable falshood with *Doriseo* should take air, and her mother would marry her instantly to my Father: I will go to her, and do whatever jealousie and fury may prompt me to.

Enter Bernardo, Grycia, Diego.

Per. Ho there, call all my Servants, bid 'em be ready for my Wedding, which is to be out of hand this morning. Oh my sweet *Elvira*. Now Youth, Stripling, now you shall see my Wedding, and let the Young Coxcomb break his heart: what care I? *(aside)* bid all my Servants come in to me, and firrah, *Diego*, bid my *Apothecary* come, I will have a strengthening Cordial to enable me to carry my self like a man of honour.

(Ex. Luscinio.)

Her. What good will that do? she will soon find you out.

Bern. Gad take me, if I pay down a lusty Fine, she shall be content to bate of her Rent. De hear? let me have Musick, and do you get me good Kettle-Drums and Trumpets, I will have pomp as well as dispatch: Away, let all the rest of my Servants come to me.

(Ex. Bernardo, Hernando, and Servants.)

Gremia and Levina in the Street, Elvira in the Balcony, veil'd, and standing close.

Elv. I'll watch him coming out of his Father's house, and see how my Letter works on the perfidious man. Who's yonder? the old Lady with a Young Gentleman; I suppose he is the brother or the Kinsman of her injur'd Neice.

Lev. I am extremely pleas'd that your story caused such distraction in the family: Now you are a good Aunt.

Gre. Ay, too good for you, how can I be rewarded?

Elo. Here he is: can there be falshood in that charming person?

Enter Luscinio in the Street.

Levina. Here comes the Villain: Stop, Hell-hound, stop.

Gre. Oh heaven, what now will her madness prompt her to?

Lev. Now look me in the face.

Lusc. Take it away, I like it not.

Levina. Audacious wretch, take that.

(She gives him a box on the ear,

Lusc. A fair Ladies hand can give no affront.

Gremia steps between.

Elv. What, a Coward too! nay, then all must be true I have heard of him: I'll see no more, I am distracted: would I had seen a Basilisk when I saw thee.

Ex. Elvira.

Lusc. If you give not over, I will expose you to the last degree of infamy.

Levina. Poor fool, I'll have thy Life, or make *Madrid* too hot for thee. *(Levina and Gremia retire.)*

Lusc. Whither will my despair hurry me? Now to my cruel and my false *Elvira*.

(Ex. Luscinio.)

Enter Elvira in Belliza's House.

Elv. Unhappy creature, to what miseries have my too fatal eyes betray'd me?

Had

Had I never beheld this false *Luscindo*, I had rested, and undisturb'd, enjoy'd my quiet sleeps, and all the wonted calmness of my Soul; but Love, vile Love, disorder'd all my frame, and had no sooner taken possession here, but I must turn him out again. But, Oh! What sharp convulsions must I suffer, ere I dispossess this most distracting inmate? Oh Heaven! What's this!

Enter Luscindo with his Dagger drawn.

Lusc. Ah, Madam, fear not me, I can commit no violence on you: This is to execute whom you condemn: Your cruel Falshood and your Tyranny, might do it soon without the help of this.

Elv. My Falshood, vilest of men, how dare you accuse me of a black Crime which I detest and scorn, as much as I should thee, who art so evidently false, that thou hast forced me in a just resentment, to execute my self, and bury all my Youth in thy loath'd Fathers arms for my revenge.

Lusc. I false! witness ye Saints in heaven, how I am injur'd: Had a blest Angel said this, I would have pronounced it a false and evil Spirit; but *Doristeo* has confess'd your falshood, show'd me your Ticket, at which I fought with him, and being sever'd in the streets, I kept your Billet to upbraid your falshood with, which here behold: And I suppose you have found this *Doristeo* false! and fling your self upon my Father.

Elv. Doristeo, ha, ha, ha.

Lusc. Am I become your scorn, as well as your aversion? then 'tis time to fall.

Elv. You do not, Sir, from me, deserve a serious answer, that bring a heart already vow'd to another, *Henrietta de Sylvia*: you find you are discover'd. I am to blame in holding this long commerce with so perfidious a man as you.

Lusc. By heaven, and all the powers above, I never once heard of her Name till now; but you can write, and make a sacrifice of me, the most passionate and faithful Lover your Beauty ere shall gain, to *Doristeo*.

Elv. Though you deserve not any satisfaction, in vindication of my honour yet I do avow 'tis not my hand.

Lusc. Nor this?

(Showing her other Note.)

Elv. Nor that.

Lusc. 'Tis well you had your Confident to write, that whensoever you pleas'd, you might disown it: Falshood to the height, then this is yours.

Elv. It is, and you deserve it from me; and I resent your injury so much, I have condemn'd my self to misery, perpetual misery, for my revenge. Ah! think then how I could have loved.

Lusc. Could you? By Heaven, and all its Powers, I am not false, nor ever heard the Name you mention'd.

Elv. Did you not even now, part with her Aunt, and a young Gentleman, who I suppose is of her kindred? But what can I expect from one so mean, as could receive a blow?

Lusc. Oh Heaven and Earth! I am the vilest Wretch, the basest Miscreant, if that young Gentleman be not one *Levia*, a famous Courtezan! The other Person is a Baud, her Aunt. This Courtezan unfortunately cast her love on me, and has for my neglect, and scorn of her, pursued my life.

Elv.

Elv. Father *Tegne* introduced her Aunt to my Mother and me, and vouch'd her for a Lady of Quality, and all she said for truth.

Lusc. Did you once know the vileness of that Priest, you would as soon believe the Devil.

Elv. I know he is a Villain. [*aside.*
His story looks like truth; indeed, I cannot on second thoughts believe that he could take a blow from any man. I fear I've been too rash, and am undone. To my own honour this is due; the last Nights Note, to you, was written by my Cousin *Rosania*, if my Mother found it I might disown it to her. That to *Doristeo*, was from, and for her self; he fell in love with her, took her for the Daughter, me for the Niece; and *Rosania* has carried on her correspondence with him in my Name; and this the Powers of Heaven can witness is all true.

Lusc. O Heaven, what fatal accidents have hurried me even to the brink of Ruine? Low on the earth, and at your feet I will for ever lye, till you shall pardon me my base suspicion that you were false, and will believe me true.

Elv. Rise, Sir, I do.

Lusc. Then am I happier than all the prosperous Monarchs of the Earth: I was plung'd into the lowest Gulf of Darkness, and now am rais'd to visit Light again.

Elv. Hold, not too fast, I see no prospect yet of a clear light, but Clouds and Storms about us. Our most unfortunate mistakes, have carried me so far to make the engagement to your Father, and I can see no way to break it.

Lusc. How, *Elvira*? Those fatal Words contain my sentence, since you can be so unkind as now to think of quitting me, to make my Father happy,

*And give that Heart to him engaged to me,
This fatal Instrument shall set you free.*

Elv. Hold dear, and more than ever dear *Luscindo*, I am intirely yours; nor Fate, nor Time, nor Death, shall sever us.

Lusc. Let me for ever hold you within these Arms, and let our Love, like to a broken Limb, grow stronger.

Elv. We have no time for Raptures, no escape can now be made; the Streets are full, and we shall soon be forced from one another.

Lusc. It remains that we must do what cannot be undone, and find a Priest to join us instantly.

Enter Tegue.

Elv. Here's one at hand, I must confess, a wicked one.

Lusc. Most opportunely come, I'll make him him do it. Father, let us withdraw, we have some business to consult your wisdom in.

Teg. Come den, I vill do phat I can for your Fauders Child, joy; and I vil employ all my wisdom upon you gra. [*Exeunt.*

Bernardo in his House, with his Servants in the Barbers bands.

Ber. Are all my servants ready, to wait in their best accoutrements?

Diego. They are without, Sir, and *Hernando* is gone for a Priest, and Musick, and Kettle-Drums.

Bern. This is a joyful day, and I will celebrate it with all the pomp I can: come Washball, refresh my countenance, and take off the superfluous crop; but

as thou lovest thy Ears, or Nose, that bolt-sprit of thy face, prophane not my inviolate Whiskers : for every single hair thou shalt diminish there, I will lop off from thee a member, firrah.

Barber. I warrant you, Sir, I know the value of a Whisker in *Madrid*.

Bern. Come, Snap, Snap, begin.

(*He puts his Cap and Cloath on.*)

Enter Levía.

How now, Springall, who art thou ?

Levia. Pardon, Sir, my abrupt intrusion. I doubt not but you are so much a Cavalier as to protect a Gentleman in distress.

Bern. I am as much a Cavalier as any man ; my manifold atchievements witness for me, the world rings of 'em ; and one thing, sprig of honour, I tell thee, no man in *Madrid* has more *Castilian* blood running in his Veins than I.

Lev. I am happy to fall into the hands of such a gallant man.

Bern. Thy story, Lad, thy story : thou art as safe here as in the Castle of *Mil-lain*.

Lev. Ple tell it, Sir, in whisper and in short.

Bern. Stand back all.

Lev. I have been several times of late dog'd and assaulted by *Bravo's*, and by the confession of one of 'em, whom I took, I found that they were hired by a Young Lady of your Neighbourhood, *Elvira*, daughter to *Donna Belliza*.

Bern. How say'st thou, stripling ?

Lev. And which makes me apply my self to you, they say your Son *Luscindo* joyns with her in the bloody business ; and except you can take him off, and get him to prevail on her, one time or other I must fall a sacrifice to their fury.

Bern. *Diabolo*, *Elvira* and my Son !

Lev. By heaven 'tis true, the fellow is here ready to testifie it ; but did you know me, my honour would pass with you.

Bern. But hold stripling, why should they pursue your life ?

Lev. You are a man of honour, and have promised me protection, and I'll hide nothing from you ; the truth is, *Elvira* is my Mistress, I have enjoy'd her, and she has sacrificed me to *Luscindo*.

Bern. Hell and damnation.

Lev. Her barbarous usage, and your generosity, will clear my honour for revealing this, they thinking that they cannot enjoy themselves in freedom while I live, endeavour to dispatch me, and but last night.

Bern. Last night ! Furies and Devils, this must be true. I thought he had not known her.

Lev. I saw him this morning sneak into the house ; she let him in, and there he was even when I enter'd here.

Bern. Where's my Sword ? Come Youth, by *Belzebub* and all his host of Devils, thou shalt see 'em both fall by this arm, come along.

Barb. Shall I take my Clothes off.

Bern. Damn thee Nit.

Diego. Will you not put on your clothes, Sir, Sir ?

Bern. I'll cut thy throat, Dog, follow me all.

(*Ex. Omnes.*)

Bel-

Belliza, Elvira, Tegue O Dively in Belliza's House.

Bell. Oh this good man has fix'd my wandring mind,
And set it all on Heaven, and things above :
How had I given the reins to Vanity,
That I should suffer Love to enter here,
And juttle out devotion ? Holy Father,
I am resolv'd to expiate my crime,
'The remnant of my life within a Cloyster:
Ah, what a sound comfort shall I find ?
Daughter, I am glad that thou art resolv'd so soon to marry; and I will leave my
House to thee.

Tegue. (to Elvira.) She tinks not dat I am after maaking *Luscindo* and you one;
and now I have revenged her contumely upon mee, in putting de out-side of de
door upon me. Daughter, phen dou dosht die, dou vilt be a gallant Saint indeed.

Elv. A brace of Hypocrites well met. Is this wicked woman here ?

Enter Gremia.

Gae. Oh, Ladies, upon my knees I humbly beg your pardon, I apprehend the
mischief I have caused; I was wrought upon by my wicked Neice to tell you a
story, every word of which was false; *Luscindo* is unblemish'd.

Bell. How ! is *Luscindo* true ?

Elv. Yes sure, but you are resolv'd for a Monastery.

Bell. Who tells you so ? that was on supposition of his falshood.

Luscindo true, then I am happy.

(*aside.*)

Elv. Did not you say, all was true ?

Tegue. 'Twas for a pious end dat I speake it.

Enter Grycia.

Grycia. Oh, Madam, I am undone, ruin'd, Mrs. *Rosania* is fled, gone out of the
house, and no where to be found.

Bell. Oh heaven, I am undone, I should have sent her this day to a Monastery.
Ah, who is here ?

*Enter Bernardo, Levia, Hernando, and Servants holding him, his Sword
drawn.*

Bern. Let me go, Dogs, Rogues, Villains, Caterpillars.

Bell. Call my men-servants to help to hold him.

[*Grycia* goes out, and

Men enter with her, who lay hold on *Bern.*

Bern. Where is this Strumpet *Elvira*, and this Son of a Whore *Luscindo* ? They
shall both fall a sacrifice to my fury. Let me go.

Bell. Hold him fast, he is distracted.

Tegue. He is possesht, let me alone vid him, Joy.

Bern. Are you there, foul creature ?

Tegue. Benedicite, dere is shome Holy Vater in de fash of dee. (He flings Holy
Conjuro te demonem Belzebub Satanam per Water in his face.

*Casare camestres festino Baraco darapti
Folapton Disamis Datifi Bocardo Farison.*

Bern.

Bern. Let me go, dogs; and first I will exorcize you, Rascal. *(He beats the Priest, knocks him down, and stamps on him, who all the time roars out the Exorcism. They lay hold on Bern, the Priest gets up, and goes on in exorcizing.)*

Bell. O heaven, he is possess'd, and has committed Sacrilege upon the good man.

Enter Luscinde.

Bell. Oh my dear *Luscinde*, art thou here?

Lusc. Hold, hold, what is the matter? unhand my Father. *(They let him loose.)*

Bern. Ungracious Rascal, have at thy heart. Let me go. Oh Villain, had you and that Strumpet *Elvira*, none to put your vile affronts on, but on me? Must I marry your Wench, and one that was a Whore to another before? *(He runs at him with his Dagger. Hernando stops him.)*

Bell. Oh save my dear *Luscinde*.

Lusc. If any man but my Father said this, it should be his death.

Bern. How now, Ruffian!

Tegue. Let me come, he is possess'd I tell thee, *Exorcizo te.*

Lusc. Stand by, Fool.

Tegue. Fool! I think thou art possess'd too, Joy, and I must exorcise thee, to call a Priest's Fool, and be, aboo, boo, boo.

Bern. There's a Young Gentleman can tell, and you, base wretches, pursue his Life for't.

Lev. 'Tis all true.

Elv. Hold, let me speak; If you presume that I am such a creature, you freely will resign me.

Bern. Resign thee to the Devil; but think not I'll sit down with this Affront; I'll be patient for a moment.

Enter Rosania and Doristeo.

Bell. This is all false, the ancient Gentlewoman has confest it, and my *Luscinde*, my dear *Luscinde*'s true. Oh vile Girl, art thou there?

Ros. Yes, Madam, I am return'd, but with another Guardian, my *Doristeo*.

Dorist. I am come to wait upon you with my Wife; and since your denial cannot undo what is already done, I beg your consent.

Bell. I'll never give it while I live.

Levia. Hell and Furies, have I lost him too! *(aside.)*

Dorist. Pardon me, dear *Luscinde*, for my mistakes, and impute them to our evil fortune. You are a man of honour, and I beg your friendship.

Luscind. You have shown your self a Gentleman, and I shall take it for an honour to be call'd your friend.

Bern. I'll slit your Wind-pipe, and spoil your complements, sirrah.

Elv. Your fatal using of my Name, has caused such mischievous mistakes, as did go near to ruine me.

Bell. Now, dear *Luscinde*, we are free.

Elv. Since you are pleas'd to resign me, my Husband *Luscinde*, will own me with all my Faults.

Bell. Ah me, ah me! Father stand by me.

Lusc. Own thee, yes, while I have life and motion, as my greatest happiness. Were this a man, I'd send his soul into another world, but 'tis a woman, a malicious one, and a Whore.

Lev. Heavens curses on ye all, here take my Life, and I shall thank you for it.

Lusc. Keep it to be a torment to thee.

Lev. Most violent Love, and invincible impotence, possess thee, and continual rage and jealousy her; and so with curses on ye all, farewell. (Ex *Levia*.)

Bern. Devil, what has my rashness brought me to? I could kill the dog; but let me think on some firm and lasting vengeance. I have it.

Bell. Oh Father, I wholly now give my self up to a Cloister'd Life.

Tegue. Deat is my good daughter.

Bern. If you can forgive your poor Soldier, *Bernardo*, who finds that you alone are worthy of him, I return to my first Love, and am ready, dear Widow, to consummate, without more delay.

Bell. What says he? are you in earnest?

Tegue. Out, phat dost thou do now? thou wilt not hearken to the tempter's gr.

Bern. Lady, I seldom kneel, Lady, but in this posture humbly beg you to receive me.

Bell. To show I am in charity with all the world, and can forgive, I receive you as my husband.

Bern. A thousand blessings on thee, my dear Widow. Sirrah, Young Rogue, I will get every year a child these twenty years, and make thy heart ache.

Lusc. I wish you Joy, Sir.

Elv. Much Joy, Madam.

Bell. Go, perfidious wretch, thee I will ne're forgive.

Tegue. Hold, hold, I do forbid the Baanes: thou wert espous'd unto the Church first, and that does *dirimere contractum, & irritum reddere sponsalia*.

Lusc. Well said Priest, with false Latin.

Bern. Sirrah, Priest, if you do forbid the Banes, I will cut your throat. Do you hear? You that were my unlawful Pimp, and joyn'd me to many Whores in *Flanders*, shall be my lawful Pimp, and joyn me to one Wife in *Madrid*, or by Heaven I will exorcise you with a vengeance.

Tegue. Vel, vel, shay no more Joy, I will do phat thou spakest. By my shoul I will pronounce the words of de maarrriage without intention, and den it is no maarrriage, and all deir posterity vill be aafter being Bastards, as all de School-men say; and by my shoulwaation dere is a trick for dem, (aside.)

Lusc. Now dear *Elvira*, may our mutual Love shine clear, without one cloud upon it. Heaven let me but possess my dear *Elvira*,

And I renounce all earthly joys beside.

Thus Fortune kindly does for Love provide.

F I N I S.

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Mrs. Bracegirdle.

Methinks I hear some Ladies nicely wise,
(I do not mean the vertuous, but precise)
Cry down us Spanish ones, and call us light,
Who entertain our Lovers at first sight.
But Ladies think, were you like us confin'd,
Alas! you'd soon be of another mind.
You at the first fair game before you eye,
As fiercely as unhooded Hawks would fly.
Though Nature largely does for us provide,
Yet all its beauteous store, we're forc'd to hide,
Which but by dangerous stealths is never spy'd.
You can your Faces every where expose,
And throw your piercing Darts against the Beaux:
But we are wiser yet than you; for we
Ne're wait a second opportunity.
You shall for Months your amorous glances cast,
And bring it but to Scandal at the last.
We never spread our loving Nets in vain,
We soon come to a point, and ease the pain:
Your Beauties you so oft in publick show,
That Gallants of your Faces weary grow.

So that before you're known, you are enjoy'd,
And Sparks, before they come to taste, are cloy'd,
To feed their Pride, not Love, some have a train
Of fluttering Slaves, to grace their stately Reign;
Their sickly appetites are so diseas'd,
They make men jealous, and themselves not pleas'd.
We're seldom seen, and but by those we like,
And when the Iron's hot, ne're fail to strike.
But though we're wiser, you are happier still,
As if we had no Souls, we have no Will:
For our Tyrannick Countrey thinks it fit,
To Kindred or to Husbands we submit.
When're we are discover'd by ill chance,
A life is forfeit for a single glance.
Your Sisters or your Daughters, safely stray,
And with a Groom or Parson run away:
On this affront the Kinsmen never think,
But as they use to do, hunt on and drink,
For every Favour a poor Spanish wife
Bestows on her Gallant, she ventures life.
The wanton English ones need never fear,
By their good men they're ever held most dear,
And none such hands over their Husbands bear:
The Husband none so closely does embrace
As the sweet Gallant who supplies his place.

VWell——

Though on the Stage we Spanish women be,
Elsewhere we can use English Liberty.
Now for the Poet, I ha' nought to say,
Has cast himself upon you, and ye may
Do what ye please, or save, or damn his Play.

F I N I S.